

THE COUNTESS GUICCIOLI.

FROM THE BYRON GALLERY.

It was about June, 1818, that Lord Byron commenced the poem of *Don Juan*. This work is also connected with another epoch in his life, which influenced it to the very end. In April, 1819, he first saw the Countess Guiccioli. She was the daughter of Count Gamba of Ravenna, and wife to Count Guiccioli, an old and wealthy widower. With the exception of Miss Chaworth, this was evidently the only real attachment of his whole life.

We give in her own words an account of their first interview:

"I became acquainted with Lord Byron in April, 1819. He was introduced to me at Venice, by the Countess Benzoni, at one of that lady's parties. This introduction, which had so much influence over the lives of both, took place contrary to our wishes, and had been permitted by us only out of courtesy. For myself, more fatigued than usual that evening, on account of

the hours they keep at Venice, I went with great repugnance to this party, and purely in obedience to Count Guiccioli. Lord Byron, too, who was averse to forming new acquaintances, alleging that he had entirely renounced all attachments, and was unwilling any more to expose himself to their consequences, on being requested by the Countess Benzoni to allow himself to be presented, refused, and at last only assented from a desire to oblige her. His noble and exquisitely beautiful countenance—the tone of his voice—his manners—the thousand enchantments that surrounded him—rendered him so different and so superior a being to any whom I had hitherto seen, that it was impossible he should not have left the most profound impression upon me. From that evening, during the whole of my subsequent stay at Venice, we met every day."

From The Examiner.

FOUR SONNETS.

Io veggio ben che giammai non si sazia  
Nostro 'ntelletto  
Nasce per quello a guisa di rampollo,  
Appiè del vero il dubbio.—*Dante*, Par. iv.

There are who seem to hate the single eye  
That seeks for guidance unto God alway:  
Who claim a privilege to overlay  
His Truth with superstitious pedantry.  
Arachne-wise, they wage unholy strife  
With Wisdom's self: they dim the aperture  
By which the soul looks forth, and so obscure

The very fount of Spiritual Life.  
Brain-spun perplexities of Doubt and Fear!  
The strong break through them, but the weak  
Are caught:  
The Sceptic holds them scarcely worth a  
thought,

Or turns aside with ill-dissembled sneer:  
"O for a Pope's-head broom to sweep away  
Such cobwebs, and let in the Light of Day!"

ATHANASIUS.

Harsh dogmas oft the soundest judgment craze  
Where Knowledge halts: they warp the  
shafts of Truth

To random flight, when meek persuasive  
ruth  
Had winged them to the mark. O Athanase,  
The maledictions of thy bitter creed  
Quench weakling Faith, and crush the bruised  
reed  
Of Hope that strives in vain her head to raise,  
And cries for succor in her utmost need.  
Is, then, the soldier wiser than his chief?  
Can blind Presumption lead our steps aright  
To wilful trespass on the Infinite?  
Nay, let us rather share that Convert's grief  
Who sued to Christ, with tears, for clearer  
light:  
*Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief.*

LOCKE.

High Wisdom, with simplicity combined,  
Severest Logic, founded on the Rock  
Of Truth, are thine, irrefragable Locke!  
Systems and Creeds are sifted and defined  
Before the calm tribunal of thy mind,  
Whose code is God's own Word: and meshes,  
wrought  
By human craft to fetter human thought,  
Like gossamers are scattered to the wind.  
With thee we seek our guide in Holy Writ;  
No crutch for Pride, or clue to mysteries,  
No Will-a-wisp where Sin in ambush lies,  
But such a scheme as patient mother-wit,

With spiritual aid, interpreteth  
Into a Law of Reasonable Faith.

Non è il mondan romore altro che un fiato  
Di vento che or vien quinci ed or vien quindi,  
E muta nome perchè muta lato.—

*Dante, Purg. xi.*

Faith, Understanding, Reason! Wherefore  
these?

Let Reason grasp the helm and guide the  
prore.

While Understanding labors at the oar  
And Faith makes sail to catch the favoring  
breeze.

All have their separate use, each aiding each;  
But God's the chart, the compass God pre-  
pares,

Whose well-poised needle this inscription  
bears:

*Be taught of Me, who would the haven reach.*

O Lord, implant in us a humble mind;

Let not Presumption's wing be over-wide,  
Nor Sloth, that sees the better, choose the  
worse,

Nor vain Opinion, fickle as the wind,  
That changes name because it changes side,  
Pervert thy Blessed Gospel to a curse.

#### THE FIRST CANNON SHOT.

BY CHARLES MACKAY, LL. D.

Hark! over Europe sounding,  
The first, the signal gun;  
The fire has burst, the blow is struck,  
A fatal deed is done.

From north to south it echoes,  
From east to west afar,  
The insulted nations join their hands,  
And gather to the war.

From restless slumbers waking,  
The thunder in her ear,  
Unhappy Poland starts to life,  
And grasps her broken spear.

Old Rome grows young to hear it;  
There's mischief in her glance;  
And Hungary mounts her battle steed,  
And waves her fiery lance.

Not long shall last the combat,  
Though Russia laugh to scorn;  
The wrongful cause, if up to-day,  
Is down to-morrow morn.

When France unites with England,  
Beware defeat and shame,  
Ye foes of right who force the fight,  
And fan the heedless flame.

Hark! over Europe sounding,  
The first, the signal gun;  
But when the last loud cannon peal  
Shall tell of victory won,

Be sure, ye proud aggressors,  
Your hour shall not last long;  
They may not, cannot, shall not win,  
Who battle in the wrong.

#### LIFE.

Fount! that sparklest wild and free,  
As thy bright waves dance along,  
In the joyous melody

Of thy bubbling voice of song—  
Just like life when young and bright,  
Full of joy and song and light!—  
Ah! that shadows ever should lower!  
Sorrows will darken life's brightest hour.

Stream! that rushest deep and strong

In thy beauty and thy pride,  
Bearing wealth and power along

On thy full and lordly tide—  
Just like life in manhood's hour,  
Strong in faith and hopeful power!—  
Ah! that storms should ever rise!—  
Fortune may wreck the hopes that we prize.

Flood! that glidest noiselessly

To thy ocean-home of rest,  
Pouring sweet and tranquilly

All thy waves into her breast—  
Just like life when at its close,

And the worn heart seeks repose!—

Ah! will ocean give back the wave?

Who shall disturb the peace of the grave?—

*Poems by John Francis Waller, LL.D.*

AN UNEXPECTED BALANCE AT COUTTS'S BANK. Lord A. F.—[Fitzclarenc] happened to drop into Coutts's with his friend Mr. W—, who wanted to draw some money, for which purpose he got a check from the cashier, and filled it up for 200l.: on receiving which, he observed that he had something to say to one of the partners, and excused himself for running into an inner room a few minutes for the purpose. Lord A., left standing by the counter, noticed, laughingly, "Well, it is a very pleasant thing to be able to walk in and get helped to 200l. in that way." "If your Lordship wishes to draw," replied the cashier, "I will hand you a check." "Oh, yes! but as I do not keep an account here, that would be of very little use," said my Lord; and the conversation went on, as his Lordship thought, jocularly. "I beg your Lordship's pardon; but I shall be very happy to cash it." "But I tell you, I have no money in the bank, and never had any at Messrs. Coutts's." "Your Lordship is mistaken; there is a larger sum than that standing in our books in your name." And, consulting a large ledger, he pointed out the entry. It turned out that his Royal Father had vested certain amounts for the younger branches of his family, and had somehow forgotten to mention the circumstance; and so there it might have lain for a long time, as it is a rule of the house never to announce monies paid in.—*Seridan's Autobiography.*

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Annual Report of the Blind-School, St. George's Fields.* 1853.
2. *Letter to the Rt. Hon. Lord Wharncliffe on the Phonetic System for the Blind.* By J. H. FRERE, Esq. 1843.
3. *Annual Report of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Instruction of the Blind.*
4. *Tangible Typography, or how the Blind read.* By E. C. JOHNSON, Esq. 1853.
5. *The Lost Senses.* By J. KITTO. (1845.)
6. *Observations on different Modes of Educating the Blind.* By Rev. W. TAYLOR, F. R. S. 1853.
7. *A History of France, for Children.* By Lord CRANBORNE.\*
8. *Des Aveugles. Considérations sur leur Etat Physique, Moral, et Intellectuel.* Par P. A. DUFAU. Paris : 1850.

"No man becomes blind," says the proverb, "by merely shutting his eyes : nor does a fool always see by opening them." Yet, in spite of Sancho and the proverb, when we think or reason about the blind, we are apt to judge of them as simply having their eyes shut, while we have ours open ; and that therein lies the great difference between us. This is but a hundredth part of the difference.

"Eyes and No-Eyes," says didactic Mr. Major, "made together a tour, in which Eyes saw everything, and No-eyes nothing ;" notwithstanding which stern truth, No-eyes was not a blind man — certainly not Mr. Holman, who, in spite of total blindness, has visited and described half the known countries of the world. Let us further illustrate the case from life. Mr. Onesimus Smith has for a neighbor Mr. Cassio Brown. Mr. Smith caught a cold in his eyes some six or seven years after his first appearance in the Smithian halls, and became totally blind ; while his neighbor Brown's eyes are still, at forty, as keen as a hawk's, and scorn the aid of glasses. It is a winter-evening, and Mr. Brown sits reading in his library. He has mastered three chapters of metaphysics, and now closes his eyes for a moment to ponder on the last and toughest. As his bodily eyes close, his mental eyes open ; and the very objects which he but now beheld, reappear almost as they fade away.† He

still sees the printed page which he was reading a minute ago ; opposite, over the fire-place, still appears to hang that incomparable likeness of himself as the President of the Little Pedlington Archery Club, in full uniform ; he can still see the ruddy fire as well as hear it crackle, and the shadow on the wall still flickers in the uncertain light. On whichever of these points his thoughts chance to dwell — metaphysics, archery, his own noble mien as President, the price of coals, or the theory of shadows — of that very one may his eyes, though closely shut, still behold a visible symbol : "Non cernenda sibi lumina clausa vident."

But suppose Mr. O. Smith under precisely similar circumstances, save that he is blind. He too reads metaphysics, and is given to meditation. He leans back in his chair, and thinks on the last tough chapter. He has been blind since he was eight years old, and is now forty. He cannot remember, with any accuracy, the shapes of the thousand objects of sight which greet the traveller through Little Pedlington, though he can with ease find his way through every part of the village. He knows where to turn off from the main road to the stile across the fields, precisely where the pump stands outside Firkins the grocer's door ; and can even run without danger through the paternal mansion of the Smiths. He is well acquainted with all the details of the room in which he sits, can find almost any one volume that is wanted, and is aware of the portrait over the fire-place.\* But when he leans back to muse on that last tough chapter of metaphysics, no sudden change takes place further than *this*, that a minute ago he was reading, *now* he is thinking, or not, as the case may chance.

But no visions of shadows on the wall, of printed type, or page, of portrait, or of archery, are ready to spring up at a moment's notice to be scanned, or dismissed as intruders. Blank night shuts him on all sides as he reads ; it still shuts him in when he has ceased to read. Of the very light, in which live all the rest of the world, he most probably can form little if any conception, but from its genial warmth as the sun greets him in his morning walk, or dies along the elm-tree avenue as he strolls, at eventide, through his father's park.

If his thoughts stray for a moment from

\* Lord Cranborne, since childhood, has been totally blind.

† Malebranche, when he wished to think intensely, used to close his window-shutters in the daytime, excluding every ray of light ; and, for a like reason, Democritus is said to have put out his eyes in order that he might philosophize the better ; — which latter story, however, it should be observed, though told by several ancient writers, is doubted by Cicero (*De Fin.* v. 39.), and discredited by Plutarch (*De Curiosit.* c. 12.) Speaking on this point, M. Dufau (the manager of the famous French Schools) says ; — "Lorsque nous voulons ajouter

accidentellement a notre force habituelle d'attention, nous fermons les yeux, nous nous faisons artificiellement aveugles. Diderot tenait souvent en parlant les yeux entièrement clos, et sa parole avait alors, au dire de la Harpe, une éloquence qui s'élevait quelquefois jusqu'au sublime."

\* There is now living in the county of York a gentleman of fortune, who, though totally blind, is an expert archer ; "so expert," says our informant, who knows him well, "that out of twenty shots with the long bow he was far my superior. His sense of hearing was so keen, that when a boy behind the target rang a bell, the blind archer knew precisely how to aim the shaft."

metaphysics to the crackling sound of his fire, his mental vision may at once form such idea as it can of blazing coals; but it has no help in the conception from aught of the visible, external world. "The world of the blind," says Prescott, "is circumscribed by the little circle which they can span with their own arms. All beyond has, for them, no real existence." (*Essays*, p. 47.)

A man who has been blind from birth, or even early childhood, fails in realizing even what light is, much less a blazing flame. In the same way he fails to realize, even remotely, descriptions of the stars, the starry heavens at night, the sun, the moon. He has scarcely any idea of distance; such words as "*the arched canopy of heaven*," which seeing men call boundless, convey to him, after all, but a vague and dreamy idea of space and distance; but not even a faint conception of the glorious spectacle which delights his fellow men.

So again, of the sea he can form no accurate conception. "I have been told," said a poor blind man to us not long since, that the ocean is like an immense green field; but of what use is that? How do I know what a *field* is, or what *green* is?" (A blind companion had used this simile in trying to make him understand what the sea was like.) The words "sea," and "sky," therefore do not convey to the blind man the impression which they convey to us. *His world*, so to speak, is without sky or sea; but of such a world *we* can form no idea. The picture, therefore, now before Mr. Smith, however vague or imperfect, comes to him when summoned; but is the result rather of inward power than outward impression. He has no remembrance of the fire at which he burnt his fingers in the nursery, some five-and-thirty years ago, save that it was hot and painful. He may remember sitting as a boy on the bench under the great walnut-tree, but he cannot now call to mind even its color, shape, or size; and still more faint is his remembrance of that striking portrait of Onesimus Smith, Sen., Esq., major in the Yorkshire Invincibles, which still hangs where his son was held up in the nurse's arms to see it on the walnut wainscot of the dining-room. But it must not be forgotten, that although the circle of which Prescott speaks is a narrow one, yet within that circuit the blind student has full sway, and that nothing is too distant for his intellect to gather even from far-off sources, and bring within his own range. Whatever object, therefore, rises in his thoughts to interfere with the metaphysical musings, rises up from within; and the very fact of its being thus isolated from the external world tends to render the mental vision, if not keener, yet more concentrated; as the rays of common light, gathered into a focus, burn the hand on which the hottest July sun shines harmlessly.

And thus it happens, that—on whatever subject—the blind man thinks with greater concentration and individuality of purpose than the student who has eyes; if he loses the help of external objects in forming certain conceptions or ideas, he gains by not being liable to their intrusion in tangible and solid reality, when not wanted.

How imperfectly, and with what difficulty, the blind realize space and distance, even if their sight be restored, may be seen from the following most interesting case, extracted from the "*Philosophical Transactions*:"

"The boy born blind, upon whom Cheselden so successfully operated, believed, when first he saw, that the objects touched his eyes, as the things which he felt touched his skin; consequently he had no idea of distance. He did not know the form of any object, nor could he distinguish one object from another, however different their figure or size might be: when objects were shown to him which he had known formerly by the touch, he looked at them with attention, and observed them carefully, in order to know them again; but as he had too many objects to retain at once, he forgot the greater part of them; and when he first learned, as he said, to see and know objects, he forgot a thousand for one that he recollected. It was two months before he discovered that pictures represented solid bodies; until that time he had considered them as planes and surfaces differently colored, and diversified by a variety of shades; but when he began to conceive that these pictures represented solid bodies, in touching the canvas of a picture with his hand, he expected to find something in reality solid upon it; and he was much astonished when, on touching those parts which seemed round and unequal, he found them flat and smooth like the rest. He asked which was the sense that deceived him, the sight or the touch? There was shown to him a little portrait of his father, which was in the case of his mother's watch; he said that he knew very well that it was the resemblance of his father; but he asked, with great astonishment, how it was possible for so large a visage to be kept in so small a space? as that appeared to him as impossible as that a bushel could be contained in a pint."

It is but natural, therefore, to find that the blind, as a class, when once they have been roused to exertion, and their education has been really commenced, even in every day practical life act with greater individuality and concentration of purpose than many *cleverer* friends who have eyes. If neglected and left alone, they will doubtless stagnate in mind and body. The darkness surrounding the body seems to penetrate and pervade the mind; and not only does it appear to them that the day is over, and the night come when none

may work, but that the sun is set, and that there can be no moon or stars to govern the night.

But only once convince the blind man that He who made the day made also the night, that very night in which he lives and is to work — show to him but one star of hope — point out to him but one work which he can and ought to do — make your demonstration practical, and show that the work proposed can be done by him — raise in short, one spark of interest in what the hand or the head is to do, and it will soon be done with might and earnestness. The one solitary, dim spark will increase in brilliancy and size: soon other stars will dawn upon the sight where but now was darkness, as each heaviest, darkest cloud "Unfolds her silver lining to the night," and the whole heaven soon glows with innumerable points of fire.

But to return to the prose reality of the matter, and cut short our moonlit walk. When one point of interest is thoroughly roused in the mind of a blind child of whatever age, the work quickly progresses, whatever that point of interest be. It may chance to be in the art of making a basket, or a pair of shoes; in the learning of a psalm, or the art of using a knife; it may be of walking uprightly, or finding his way through the asylum into which he is received, from room to room of his new home. It matters little where the interest is first roused, provided it be real, and is at once cherished into active life and exertion. Much will depend on the habit and disposition of the learner, his previous mode of life, his parents' occupation, ignorance and poverty, neglect or care of their child.

One boy will, we find, learn in a month what it takes another a year to acquire, and which perhaps a third is never able to acquire. Outside one of the workshops in St. George's Fields, is a long covered pathway for the use of the pupils in wet weather, and on it may be often seen some forty or fifty boys and men promenading with as much ease and regularity in twos and threes as if they had the keenest sight. At a second glance however you will see that here and there in the crowd are one or two who, if they lose the arm of their companions, are at once in great difficulty. The new comers are to be distinguished at the first glance. They stoop much, and walk with a shambling, shuffling step, as if in fear and dread of suddenly meeting some unseen obstacle, and so coming down with a crash. Yet, it is not so with all the new comers. One, a smart active boy, who perhaps has had companions at home, learns in a few days the exact line of the covered way, never swerves from it, nor wanders into the wrong side of the path so as to interfere with the stream going in the other direction, though his fellow-pupil admitted at the same time cannot walk five yards alone, with-

out fear and trembling. Another learns to run, cleverly, from one angle of the building to another, as if his fingers saw the handle of the door which they so readily and exactly find; while a fourth for many months never gets out of a zigzag when he tries to walk alone, and is certain to fall if he attempts to run.

A similar difference exists among them in the acquirement of any art or knowledge. The blind boy generally excels in some one special department. Thus the clever basket-maker is no musician; he persists in singing G while the organ strongly exhorts him to sing A, and yet hears no discord: while his companion who entered the school with him, and can sing and play scales major and minor from A to Z, elaborates the tenth part of a basket in a month, and in great misery cuts his finger when he should be splitting a withy or chipping off an irregular and stray end at the edge of his work.

But whichever phase of character A. or B. presents, the one favorite pursuit is carried on with zeal and diligence. If B. has strong intentions of outbasking all other framers of twigs, A. threatens to become a second Handel, and C., who prides himself on his powers of memory and mental calculation, bids fair to make mnemonic Major Beniowski retire from Bow Street in despair.\* Zeal and diligence may, therefore, be noticed as special characteristics of the blind who are being educated in a true sense. Many of them, too, possess that spark of what, at first sight, appears like vanity, but is an essential element in the composition of all men who attain any degree of skill, whether in the making of an osier basket or in ruling a great nation.

Every man, when once any one power of mind has been thoroughly trained and is ready for action — if he be really in earnest — feels and knows in his own heart, that he possesses this power. He knows that he *can* do, and therefore does. Like the poet — the true ποιητής, *doer* or *maker* — he too feels

"The energy divine within him shined  
Bids every glowing thought in action live."

\* This characteristic faculty is, according to Father Charlevoix, turned to good account in Japan, where the public records of the empire are committed to memory by chosen blind men.

We are ourselves acquainted with an old blind mat-maker, who can repeat Thompson's 'Seasons,' and one or two other long poems, besides having an almost equally ready knowledge of several of the Gospels. Very recently a son was added to a friend's family, and news of the birth was brought to the blind man, who instantly set about calculating how often the child's birthday would fall on a Monday up to the year 1900. In a short time he had accurately settled the matter. He is now, though upwards of sixty, trying to learn to read. But his fingers are become hard and horny with work.

In such as these it appears as a high and noble self-consciousness of real living power within them, widely differing from mere empty vanity. Vanity sees nothing higher or greater than self. The true consciousness of power is not a confession of self, but of Him who made man, and placed in him the power to act and to feel conscious of the power; and that from Him comes the power, whether to make baskets or rule empires, to weave a doormat, or

"To melt the soul to very tears of joy,  
With never-ending waves of melody  
From Music's deep unfathomed sea."\*

How nobly Milton realized this, and in his days of darkness felt and owned the presence of a Power greater than himself, may be seen in the following grand words:—"Et sane haud ultima Dei cura cæci sumus; qui nos, quominus quicquam aliud præter ipsum cernere valemus, eo clementius atque benignius respicere dignatur. Nos ab injuriis hominum non modo incolumes, sed pene sacros divina lex reddidit, divinus favor; nec tam oculorum hebetudine quam caelestium alarum umbrâ has nobis fecisse tenebras videtur; factas illustrare rursus interiore ac longe præstabiliori lumine haud raro solet." (*Defens. Secund.*) That the gloom of the blind man's life should not be from mere dullness of vision, but rather "from the shadow of the divine wings" which overspread him, is indeed a conception worthy of Milton himself.

We do not, of course, assert that the blind, as a class, possess this noble self-consciousness in a greater degree than, but only in common with, other men. In them as in others, empty vanity may usurp its place; but on the whole we imagine that the higher tone is not unfrequent, and is one secret of their success, though casual observers are apt to call it the result of mere cleverness.

There is an idea, we believe, extant among persons that the blind as a class are inferior in actual power of mind\* as well as in attainment; as if with their eyes their mental faculties had also become blinded—that a sort of blight had passed over the powers of mind,

\* "There is in the heart of all men a working principle,—call it ambition, or vanity, or desire of distinction, the inseparable adjunct of our individuality and personal nature, and flowing from the same source as language,—the instinct and necessity in each man of declaring his particular existence, and thus of singularizing himself."—(*Cole-ridge's Omniana*, p. 375.)

† This idea Dufau contradicts strongly, even in the case of those born blind:—"C'est toutefois un fait bien digne de remarque que la défec-tuosité de l'instrument intellectuel chez les aveugles nés ne dépasse presque jamais certaines limites. On a observé qu'il est fort rare qu'ils soient atteints sinon d'imbecillité du moins de folie."

destroying at once both keenness and vigor. People are apt to say, "O he is blind," just as they say, "he is an idiot." It would be easy to prove the injustice of such words at once, but we prefer leaving plain facts to speak for themselves in a future page of these remarks. It is sufficient here to say that the idea is altogether erroneous, arising from ignorance of the facts of the case, or a knowledge of the blind derived only from books.

If we sum up the characteristics of the blind as a class,\* we shall find them to be thoughtful and diligent, with peculiar keenness and sensibility of mind and feeling; shy of expressing their thoughts or feelings before strangers; grateful for every little kindness, and equally tenacious in the remembrance of the least slight; not seldom conceited and opinionated. They are affectionate to one another, and to any who will take an interest in their cares or pleasures. One peculiarity—not to be forgotten—is, that they hate to be compassionate,—to be supposed to be so frightfully different from other people.

"Pity the poor blind" is the cry of the professional mendicant who haunts the curbstone behind a dog. His blindness is his stock in trade,—at once his misfortune and his most excellent property; though even in his case one's pity is all in vain until it assume a metallic form and drop into the canine basket. But the poor blind who are once placed above being tempted to this degradation do not like being lamented over with pitiful tears or words, or compassionate with sentimentalities. They will gladly listen if you take an interest in what they do, and talk to them as workers of an ordinary kind. But they feel that they are of the same flesh and blood as you are, and you must identify yourself with them if you would hear of their difficulties, successes, joys and troubles. Otherwise the task will be one of difficulty, and unproductive of the least intimacy.

So keenly do they feel their oneness with other people, and so disinclined are they in general to allude, even remotely, to their own loss of sight, that among blind children such phrases as the following are constantly exchanged:—"Have you seen Martha Smith?" "I saw Robert in the basket shop." "Sarah, have you seen my bonnet?" (here the chapel bell rings); just see if it is in your room." As may be therefore imagined, they take great interest in listening to descriptions of many circumstances and things which it appears at first thought persons without sight could not at all

\* 'En somme, says Dufau, 'l'attention, la comparaison, et le raisonnement, l'abstraction, l'analyse et la mémoire, tous les éléments de la raison humaine sont en eux comme en nous; pas un n'y manque.'—(P. 47.)

realize. We happen to know that the pupils of the Blind School in St. George's Fields listened with great interest to several very lengthy printed accounts of the funeral pageant of the Great Duke. Many of them also visited the Great exhibition, and were delighted with the wonders of the place, of which they still talk.\* Of this thoughtful and ingenious race of people there are in Great Britain about twenty-five thousand, † of whom a small proportion, certainly not one half, are being educated, as the majority of the whole number belong to an indigent class for whom little has been attempted, and still less has been done. Shut out as the blind are from the thousand channels of information and improvement open to the rest of mankind, in the world of books, of course the first object has been to teach them to read, especially to read the Scriptures. For unfortunately scarcely any other book has yet been brought within the reach of the poor blind. We say unfortunately, because *The Book of all books* has by this means been subjected to much usage—to which any book may be degraded—at once unbecoming and unworthy of its sacred character and contents.

"*The Scriptures*," says the author of "*Tangible Typography*," (a work which we gladly recommend to our readers' careful perusal) "are now read more frequently as an exercise, and a means for mastering a system, than as a spiritual comfort, guide, and consolation; especially in schools, where portions of the Bible are used as the only class book, and where, consequently monotony begetting indifference, and indifference want of respect, the reading of the Word of God is apt to be regarded as a task, rather than a pleasure and a privilege. (P. 8.)

And again,—“The books printed for their use are few in number, deficient in variety, and not procured without difficulty even at a large expense.” (*Ibid.*)

“The blind are almost entirely without works of interest or amusement.” (*Ibid.*)

\* Our readers will perhaps be surprised to learn that the blind were exhibitors to the world's mart; a large stand being entirely filled with their work in rugs, mats, and baskets, besides knitting in wool and silk, and hair-work of the finest kinds.

† Golownin's estimate of the number of blind persons in Japan appears to us impossibly large; he sets down 36,000 to the capital, Jeddo, alone!

The proportion of the blind to the whole population is rather higher in America than in Europe. In Egypt the average is still higher, probably on account of ophthalmia; being computed to amount to one blind person in every hundred; in Norway, one in a thousand; in Great Britain rather less than in Norway. All the blind do not seem to feel their privation with equal acuteness; different causes of blindness seeming to involve different degrees of suffering; those born blind feeling their loss far less deeply than others who can form a real idea of vision.

It is evident, therefore, that much remains to be done before the blind, as a class, can be raised from their present dark and dreary condition. Two thirds of the *twenty-five thousand* in England cannot yet read (p. 10.), and those who can, have their small library rendered still smaller by the multiplicity of systems on which the books have been printed. These systems are, it appears, so utterly different from each other, as to require separate and special study before they can be deciphered. Learning a new system is, in fact, to a blind man, like learning a new language. That our readers may the more readily understand this, we propose giving a brief sketch of the different systems now in use among the blind in Great Britain; and then as briefly noticing what else has been done for them in other matters of mental and bodily education.

All printing for the blind is in *raised*, or, as it is called, *embossed* type, at once perceptible to the touch. The different systems may be subdivided into two distinct classes, which have been severally named *Arbitrary* and *Alphabetical*; the first in which arbitrary characters are used to represent letters, sounds or words, and the second in which the ordinary Roman letters are employed.

Modifications of the two great classes of Systems may be thus subdivided:—

## Alphabetical.\*

1. Alston's system.
2. The American.
3. French alphabetical.
4. Alston modified.

## Arbitrary.

1. Lucas's system.
2. Frere's system.
3. Moon's.
4. Le Systeme Braille.
5. Le Systeme Caillon.

Of the Alphabetical systems Alston's is the chief and the best. “After long experience,” writes the adapter, Mr. Alston of Glasgow, “I am convinced that arbitrary characters, however ingeniously constructed, throw unnecessary obstacles in the way of the blind.” He therefore chose the ordinary Roman capi-

\* One most curious and ingenious system of writing and reading is that of a knotted string, invented some years since by two blind men then in the Edinburgh School. We have but space to note that the letters are on this system divided into seven classes, each class and each letter being represented by a knot or knots of a peculiar kind, easily distinguished by the touch. The system is obviously more curious than useful. It would be an interesting task to compare it with the ‘*Quipos*,’ or *knotted records* anciently kept by the Peruvians, before the era of Spanish discovery.

In the system of *raised* characters first adopted for the use of the blind, the Illyrian or Slavonian alphabet was employed, probably on account of the *square* form of the letters, for this reason more easily detected. These soon gave way to solid letters (Roman) of wood, which were made to slide into a frame.

Archbishop Usher tells us of his being thus taught to read by two blind aunts.

tal letters, as being at once the simplest and most easily felt,—the most likely to be remembered by any blind scholar who had once enjoyed sight; in which, too, any one with sight, able to read ordinary type, could with ease instruct those deprived of the use of their eyes. The importance of this latter advantage cannot, we imagine, be over-estimated; and we are bound to admit that Mr. Alston's choice of the Roman letters is, on the whole, a wise one. At p. 35-36 of Mr. Johnson's valuable little work, we find the following *reasons why* Alston's, as now in use, or slightly modified, is the system best suited for general adoption:—

The blind already form a peculiar and distinct class of people, and it is most desirable on every account not to render them more isolated or peculiar, but rather to make them, as far as may be, one in advantages, duties, and enjoyment, with their fellow-men. The system of embossed printing for their use, therefore, should embrace at least the following features:—

1. It must resemble as nearly as possible the type in ordinary use among those who have eyesight.

(a) that the blind scholar, in learning to read, may have every possible help from words which he may have formerly seen, but which now his fingers must decipher.

(b) that he may derive help in learning from any one who can read an ordinary book; or, if needful, that his friend may be able to read to him.

2. It must present the words correctly spelt in full, that when he learns to write, he may do so in a correct manner which others can read.

3. The raised characters must be clear, sharp, and well defined, which the finger, hardened by long work, and the keen, soft touch of the little child, may be alike able to discern.

The only system which can ever offer such advantages as these, must clearly be some modification of Alston's system, or the lower case type. (P. 36.)

To the same effect speaks the Rev. W. Taylor of York, probably one of the highest authorities on all points connected with the blind. "No alphabet," he says, "*seeming to possess so many advantages as the Roman alphabet.*" "*I would discourage all systems of embossing,*" says Mr. Hughes, the Governor of the blind School at Manchester, "*which could not be read and taught by seeing persons.*" And to a like purport writes Mr. Morris, the Superintendent of the Blind School at York.

The American books are all printed on a modification of Alston's system, and are a strong testimony on its behalf; while the words of the famous Abbé Carton speak in its favor still more strongly. The Abbé is the Governor of L'Institution des Sourds-muets, et des Aveugles, at Bruges, and having devoted a long life to the study of the blind, must be

admitted as a valuable authority. He thus writes:—"En effet, si un caractère, connu des clairvoyants, est employé dans l'impression en relief pour les aveugles, ces infortunés sont plus rapprochés des autres hommes que s'ils se servaient d'un caractère inconnu de ceux qui les entourent; quoiqu'on en dise, il nous en coûte d'apprendre un nouvel alphabet pour l'enseigner à des enfants, et cette difficulté rebutera plusieurs personnes qui, sans cela, se seraient occupées de cet enseignement. Diminuer la difficulté qu'auraient les clairvoyants à connaître l'alphabet des aveugles, est réellement travailler en faveur des aveugles. Le plus grand nombre d'aveugles se trouve parmi la classe pauvre, et le plus grand malheur des aveugles est leur isolement; tous nos efforts doivent tendre à les rapprocher de nous et à rendre leur instruction aussi semblable à la nôtre qu'il est possible, et à commencer cette instruction aussi vite que l'on peut."\*

One would imagine that such testimony as this was sufficient to decide any question the settlement of which depended on common sense and reason. But, strange to say, such is far from being the case. It is not even yet decided that one of the alphabetical systems shall be adopted. It appears indeed settled that the blind, as a class, shall be educated, and, as a first step, shall be taught to read. But eager and unwearied partisans are disputing on the very threshold of the work *how* the blind shall be taught,—"*Whether,*" says *Tangible Typography*, "*by Brown's infallible stenographic, Smith's unrivalled abbreviations, Jones's unsurpassed contractions, Robinson's easy symbols, or any other of the numerous perfect systems which, unfortunately for the blind, have been lately invented.*" And meanwhile, the work for which all are striving is greatly impeded. The strength and success which unity of purpose and of action alone can give, are wanting; and the education of the blind is impeded.

The *American Books* are all printed on a modification of Alston's plan, and, as a whole, may be regarded as successful, being smaller

\* In fact, if a character, known to those who see, is printed in relief for the blind, these unfortunates are brought more closely into connection with other people than if they used a character unknown to the world around them; for, whatever may be said of this new character, it cannot be denied that it would be a good deal of trouble to us to learn it, in order to teach it to children—and this difficulty would keep back many persons who otherwise would teach them. To diminish the difficulty which seeing persons have in learning the alphabet of the blind, is really to work in favor of the latter. The greatest number of the blind are from poor families, and their greatest misfortune is their isolation: all our efforts ought to be adapted to draw them nearer to us, and to make their instruction as much like our own as we can, and to begin it as early as possible.

in bulk and cheaper in cost than those published in England. The type adopted is clear and sharp, being a slight modification of what printers call lower-case. Further notice it scarcely needs from us; the books are not to be procured in England.

The books printed by M. Dufau,\* at the great Institution for the Blind at Paris, before the employment of an arbitrary system of dots, were rounded lower-case letters with Roman capitals, and, in the Jurors' Report of the May Exhibition, are highly spoken of. But that type has been abandoned, and an arbitrary one of raised dots adopted in its place, apparently without cause, and with little success.

Lucas's System professes to do for the blind reader what short-hand would do for one who, ignorant of the ordinary alphabet, should attempt a stenographic one. (The case of an ordinary short-hand writer who can read and write in the manner of ordinary mortals is not an analogous one.) We are, however, surprised to find that short-hand for the blind, contrary to all other stenographic systems, is no savor of space. The New Testament, printed in the American type, occupies 430 pages; in Alston's system, 623; in Lucas's, 841. Whatever, therefore, Lucas omits, his omissions serve to increase the bulk of his productions. "*Minuendo auget*," would be a good Lucasian motto.

"All letters," says Lucas, "not necessary to the sound are omitted; as *da* for *day*, *mit* for *might*, *no* for *know*," etc. Now, allowing the first of these omissions to pass muster, it does not seem to have struck the Lucasian brain that *mit* spells *mit* quite as much as *might*, unless he abolish all *mittens*, *mittimus*, and *mitigations* by stenographic decree. For our own part, we become tenderly anxious to know the transmutation and ultimate fate of our old friend's *lit* and *light*, *spit* and *spite*, *wit* and *wight*, *sit* and *sight*, *bight* and *bit*, *fight* and *fit*, and many others equally dear. Do they obtain, as they seem to require, separate legislation for each of their peculiar necessities? Or, if not, what can equally apply to cases so widely differing? Who is the presiding Master in Chancery for the nonce, — the blind disciple, or his quick-sighted stenographic teacher? No may certainly stand for *know*, and *eir* for *heir*; but what shall we say of Rule 2: — *When the sound of a word is decidedly different from the spelling, the spelling is altered, as shurly for surely, sed for said, laf*

\* M. Dufau is the author of a most valuable work on the blind, entitled "*Des Aveugles. Considerations sur leur état physique, moral*" "et intellectuel," which, we regret to say, has reached us only too late to be of service while writing the following pages. A few brief notes is all that it now lies in our power to give by way of extract. His work is dedicated to the Crown Prince of Hanover, who is totally blind.

for laugh, *brant* for brought? Allowing a Lucasian to *laf* instead of laugh, it seems a strange and unwise plan to teach a child an incorrect way of spelling some thousands (at least) of words in the English language, simply because he is afflicted with blindness. It is, in fact, saying to him, — now, if by perseverance you ever master stenography and survive Lucas, you shall also, if you attempt calligraphy, learn to write in a barbarous dialect which your friends who can see can neither understand nor decipher.

Of course, if surely becomes *shurly*, and surety *shurty*, sugar ought to be metamorphosed into *shugar*. Final *ees* are ignominiously cut off, as *giv*, *gav*, *fac*. Some words are expressed by a single character. Thus *q* stands for queen and question, *y* for yet and yesterday, *m* for me, or my mother, *v* for verily and vanity, *P. H.* for six or Pharisee or sixth, and so on *ad infinitum*, until one expects to find at the end of the list, *L* for Lucas, *lamentable*, and *labyrinth*. Let us construct a short sentence in Lucasian dialect,\* with its "various readings" in full, for the exercise of a blind scholar.

#### Lucasian Symbols,

H.	ma. y.	sav. m.	w.	P.	[(up).
Various Interpretations or Readings.					
1. He	may yet	save me	with (we)	patience	
2. Have	yesterday	mother world	upon		
3. Hither	ye	amongst god (will)	put		

No horn-book ever yet devised contained such horrors as these, and the bitterness of Mavor, though greater than that of aloes, never, we fancy, appeared so terrible as a dose of Lucas would have done if it had dawned on our juvenile eyes in Lesson 6, of words of three syllables. Four other Tables of Rules and Directions follow the above, as an Introduction to an alphabet of a purely arbitrary character, and even to a person of sharp eyesight as hopelessly undecipherable as a wedge inscription from the banks of the Tigris. For some centuries past most civilized nations have been content to use the old Roman letter, with slight, if any, modifications. The difficulties of that system have been considered sufficient for the distraction of young Europe in general. It remained for the advocates of stenog-

\* The first verse of St. John's Gospel translated from Lucas into ordinary letters, stands thus, and is sufficiently puzzling to a reader with eyes: —

in. t. bgini. ws. t. wrd. a. t. w. ws. w. g. a. t. w. ws. g.

In reading, the blind scholar applies his touch most keenly to the tops of the letters, — and this part of the raised surface is generally found to be depressed or rubbed away sooner than any other, affording another argument against stenographic systems. For, although when the upper part of a Roman letter, as P, M, or A, be rubbed away, it may still be deciphered; a short-hand symbol in a like state of dilapidation is a hopeless puzzle.

raphy for the blind to contrive for their especial behoof a system more complicated, elaborate, and full of difficulty than mortals of ordinary vision can understand or decipher without much juvenile suffering.

But in spite of these difficulties, many blind persons have learned to read by this system; a fact not so difficult to understand when it is noted that the society who print these books at their own cost, have also expended much time and labor in teaching pupils to read them. With time, talent, and perseverance, an earnest teacher may instruct a willing scholar on any given system, however elaborate or however faulty. Whether with a far less expenditure of time and labor the same pupils would not have learned to read by a common alphabetical system, is a totally different question. It is sufficient here to say that the Lucasian disciples had a chance of learning to read, if with difficulty, at a slight cost, and were glad to avail themselves of the chance, be it what it might. They have learned to read, therefore, by a very abbreviated and ambiguous kind of writing, sufficient perhaps for the *seeing*, who when learning short-hand have been previously instructed in reading, and yet very ill adapted to be the first and only reading taught to the blind.

"In a new stenographic alphabet for the blind Mr. Lucas had an opportunity of framing a perfect one, containing a simple character for each of the elementary sounds of the English language; but instead of this he formed one deficient in no less than ten, and redundant in eight characters." (*Letter to Lord Lansdowne*, p. 6.)

To the blind the abbreviation of words, so as to bring them at once within the compass of the touch, is doubtless an object of the first importance; and this abbreviation is professedly the main principle of Lucas's system. But this very principle has been but partially applied. To the true elementary sounds *ch*, *sh*, and *th*, Lucas has appropriated a single stenographic character, but he has left the other ten, viz. the five long vowels, and five diphthongs, to be distinguished in his system, as in our orthography, — if distinguished at all, by the addition of a second unsounded character. He seems to prefer, in practice, brevity to perspicuity; and rather than add the unsounded letter necessary to distinguish the long vowel from the short one, he makes no distinction between them; and thus "light," "rays," and "east" are metamorphosed into "lit," "ras," and "est." He has uselessly copied in his embossing the anomalies of our own common orthography; but only makes his system more complicated to the blind reader by using four different stenographic characters for the sound of (*f*) as *fl*, *ph*, *gh*; two for (*s*) and two for (*l*) while he violates all con-

sistency by amazing his disciples with such orthography as "*wid beams of lit in the skis*" for "*wide beams of light in the skies*." Well, therefore, may Mr. Frere remark, such a system as this is neither orthographical nor phonetic; it accords neither with spelling nor speech, and when made intelligible by being rendered into common characters, equally offends both the eye and ear." (*Letter*, p. 9.)

Of Mr. Frere's own system, which is also a stenographic and arbitrary one, we are glad to speak very much more favorably. Whatever faults it may have, its ruling principle is fully and impartially applied; and mere consistency is a decided advantage. It is based on the phonetic principle, or combination of elementary sounds; which sounds, says the author, "consist of the pure vowel sounds and the pure sounds of the consonant; which latter are expressed in the final sounds of the words," according to the order of the short-hand alphabet. Instead of our old placid and sufficiently abstruse *A B C*, we must now call to mind that more modern friend (though long since dead and buried) "*the fonetic Nuz*;" and be introduced to sounds hissing, and sounds guttural, gushings, breathings, and aspirations, which are represented by thirty-six characters. "This system," says its author, "may be denominated a scientific representation of speech, the alphabet containing one character, and but one, for each of the simple sounds of the English language, whose only names are the sounds they represent; and each word being embossed according to its actual pronunciation, the names of the characters combined, or sounded together, give the word; and the pupil is thus nearly enabled to read as soon as he has learnt his alphabet."

Thus writes Mr. Frere himself; and his words are well worthy of attention. After a long life of devotion to the blind, he is entitled to speak and to be heard. He has devoted, and still continues to devote his time, his talents, and his substance to their welfare, and has won from many a poor blind creature heart-felt gratitude and respect. But his system, like all other systems, has its faults, — of which his earnest and unwearied advocates do not seem aware. One fallacy contained in Mr. Frere's words above quoted we have italicized; "the pupil is *nearly enabled to read as soon as he knows his alphabet*."

There is no royal road to learning to read, — for pupils with or without eyes, — by virtue of any system whatever. From the days of the first horn-book to this very hour of "*reading made easy*," "*spelling made play*," when knowledge is offered to mankind without the trouble of learning, and sixpenny catechisms teach all things from Platonism to Pyrotechny, — there never has been a royal road. There never will be one. "*Reading made easy*" is a

rough, winding, difficult road, at the best. He that travels by it,—whoever be his guide,—must make up his mind to many difficulties, and the payment of many “pikes,” before he reach his journey’s end. We appeal confidently to our readers, whose name is Legion,—and “may their shadow never be less,”—if it be not so. Is there one among them all who mastered the easy art of reading without some juvenile suffering, some weeping, and many a hopeless sigh; even long after the mysteries and woes of the alphabet were triumphantly passed? Who would not be a reader on Frere’s system if his journey through the alphabet was to land him safely among words of three syllables? We fear that the sentence should stand thus, “*the pupil will in due time learn to read as soon as he has learned his alphabet.*” One of Frere’s most earnest, able, and unwearied advocates, who daily devotes time and talent, as well as an entire heart, to the instruction of the poor blind, thus speaks of his system:—“It omits all superfluous letters of our common spelling, and calls the consonants by the sounds they actually give instead of by their names; so that the pupil having learned the sign for each sound in the language has only to pronounce them, and he of necessity reads.” This last remark is but a repetition of Mr. Frere’s own words; and contains the same fallacy.

The same writer thus continues:—“As compared to Alston’s we should consider it only as an adjunct, but a necessary one; for such pupils as we teach would be totally incapable either of feeling the letters, or of overcoming the difficulties of ordinary reading and spelling. It is the system for the ignorant and the incapable.” To this the advocates of Alston (*the Roman letter*) strongly reply that the case is not proved; but that the contrary view is in their opinion the true one,—viz., that Alston’s system is quite as easily taught as Frere’s; that it possesses the inestimable advantage of being understood and read by any one who can read ordinary print,—and thus is one strong check against the further isolation of the blind;—and moreover that “*the great majority of blind persons now in England who can read do so on an alphabetical system.*” \* This last fact, we must confess, argues strongly

\* Vide circular of the Society for printing Books for the Use of the poor Blind, 24, Arundel Street, Strand.

Mr. Taylor, the skilful printer of Queen’s Street, Lincoln’s Inn, has, under the direction of Rev. W. Taylor (formerly Superintendent of the Blind School at York), printed in embossed type for the blind, a life of James Watt. The type used is lower case and Roman capitals, and to the few blind who can distinguish such small letters will no doubt be a great boon. It is only to be regretted that the divided energies and means of the different printing societies are not united for one great and vigorous effort.

in favor of Alston. If Frere’s system had been the easier and more expeditious of the two, surely the blind themselves are the very people to have discovered and profited by it long ago. Our own experience, formed chiefly from the testimony of the blind, leads us to believe that Alston’s is as easily acquired as any other system, and when once acquired is the best. “*As an adjunct*” to Alston’s, Frere’s is a most useful system, but clearly not as a substitute for it. The laborious “*memoria technica*” is far too long and too complicated; standing greatly in need of all the author can say in its defence at p. 14 of his letter. He appears himself to feel the weakness of this part of his cause when he admits of its employment being optional, though he instantly adds that any system would be incomplete without such a provision. If any such provision be at all necessary, we think it would be of far more service in a very abridged form.

Mr. Frere’s alphabet consists of twenty-nine signs, each of a purely arbitrary description, and having tagged on to it by way of description, some such “*morceau*” for the memory of a child,—or an ignorant and older learner,—as the following:—“*L 8 An angle, the points forwards, the straight line downwards, the same as a half circle the points forwards, the dots downwards is cheh*—[CHEH] is changed from a crescent by a dot on its lower limb—*atch, etch, itch, otch, utch.*” This versicle is to teach the blind scholar the sound of (*ch*), and must be repeated every time [CHEH] meets his fingers’ ends; and this we are told is an easier process for the blind scholar, when multiplied by twenty-nine, than making acquaintance with our old sober friends, A, B, C, or H, etc., in the same guise as that known to the rest of mankind. To make the whole matter clearer to the learner, Mr. Frere, having divided the vowels into five long and five short, abolishes their representation in embossed printing, except by simple dots, which in different positions denote different vowels. That our readers may understand this rather obscure arrangement, we will take an example from page 5 of the Grammar:—“*Wherefore when the wise warn do not fools edify?*” being translated into Frere, becomes “*. . . r-fr . . n th . . z . . awn d . flz . nt . d . . f .*—” We leave the further consideration of this dialect to our readers’ own judgment and good sense, only adding that the twenty-nine versicles, with their respective Angles “*>*,” are followed by “*XII Rules in verse for supplying the omitted vowels*,” of which we feel bound to give one single specimen—the longest:—

#### RULE V.

“The final upper dot is a or e  
The middle i, the lower o or u;  
If you the vowel rightly would supply,

This is the thing you'll do:  
When at the end no dot at all you see,  
You'll understand and use the vowel *e*.  
When letters two or more before the dot are seen,  
You'll find the vowel out, and bring it in between."

The other XI all partake more or less of the same character, chiefly relating to the mystical dots which symbolize vowel sounds. We do not imagine that the blind have any peculiar liking for rhymes of this kind, and certain we are that ordinary learners of alphabets, would be apt to regard them as so many drags on the wheel of progress. It is not a fair argument to say, as Mr. Frere in his letter does, that he has derived great help himself from the use of a similar memoria technica. That which is of great service to a well-read scholar like Mr. Frere may be a drag and a burden to a dull, ignorant, young or stupid blind scholar. "A hint on the spot," says Gray, is worth a cartload of recollections. The remark is trite but true. Suppose, therefore, instead of giving the pupil twelve rhyming rules, touching *lower, middle, and upper dots*, we simply present to his reading-finger a hint on the spot—the old Roman A. Let him feel it over in every part, and, if he pleases, associate with it the thought of a triangle, a pyramid, or any other figure of a like kind. To use his own phrase, let him "look at it carefully," as Master Johnny or Charles in a Belgravian nursery is taught to do at great A; and when once he has fully realized its shape and dimensions the chances are ten to one that he remembers them without needing any aid from a "cart-load" of rhymes. Rule XII. and last is,—

"Where'er the proper rule don't yield you satisfaction,  
On trial you will find the word is a contraction."

Of the other objections which have been with difficulty alleged against this system, we will only remark that they appear to us trivial and unfair. It is true that Mr. Frere, in rather a despotic way, banishes the sound of (*r*) in such words as horse and force; omits the vowels in all monosyllables, so that (*nt*) stands for net, not, or nut; (*st*) for sot, sit, sat, or set, etc.; that he orders all such terminations as in *g, ment, tion*, to appear only in their final consonant; that long words, such as Jerusalem, nevertheless, are severely clipped, reappearing in some such shape as *J—ram, nv: rths*; but such minor defects as these are not incompatible with much excellence.

We do not attach much value to the lists of cases which we have heard cited with great earnestness on behalf of the various systems by their respective disciples. Such lists of names irresistibly remind us of other advertisements, wherein we read of certain, speedy, perfect, infallible, easy, pleasant, surprising,

delightful cures of every ailment, affliction, and calamity under the sun. We have but to take the "Thirty Golden Drops,"—

"When straightway through our feeble worn-out frame  
Rude blooming health at once resumes her sway."

The cures appear so magically perfect, that one almost longs to enjoy the luxury of so complete and sovereign a remedy.

Without doubt many blind persons have mastered Frere's system, and of these a large proportion are excellent readers; but the circumstances of the case are such that any other result would have long since consigned "The Phonetic System" to that abode of oblivion wherein our deceased friend the "Fonetic Nuz" now lies sepulchred and forgotten. The fact is that nine-tenths of Frere's readers have been taught either by himself or under his own immediate superintendence. Mr. Frere, and the friends who work with him and for him, possess talents, abundance of leisure, and the golden sinews of all success—money. These they devote nobly, heartily, unweariedly to the cause. Their very hearts and souls are in the work. What wonder that local success has crowned their labor of love? What system—having good for its object—would not thrive under such noble auspices, such unwearied diligence, such ardent zeal?

"With such right arms as these in such a cause,  
Who doubts of victory?"

We believe that Mr. Frere would think nothing of travelling fifty miles to teach a poor blind man to read his Bible, and we cannot doubt of success attending such a work. But the defects of a system are not a whit the less flagrant, however noble may be its author's charity, or earnest his labors.

In our younger days we were much afflicted with a treacherous memory; like the invalid's of another date, our motto might well have been "*plenus rimarum*." In our distress we were recommended a dose of *Grey's Memoria Technica*. In this system letters stand for numerals, which numerals are appended to certain other half words, themselves being signs or symbols of certain events or names to be remembered. Barbarous enough was the jargon, but a few doses were said to be infallible. The first instalment we exhibit in its native crude form, as we first tasted it:—"*Croft's Deletok Abaneb Exafna Tembybe Cy-rut*." Such was the primary and delicious morsel to be administered to the unfortunately weak and treacherous memory, after "getting up with considerable difficulty the details, rules, and principles of the system itself. Surely of all barbarous hexameters this was the most uncouthly barbarous. *Croft's* sig-

nified that the Creation took place B.C. 4004, *Deletok* the Deluge 2348, and so on to Cyrus himself metamorphosed into *Cyrutz*. All history, ancient and modern, was thus translated into barbarous hexameters, and a royal road at once opened to an intimate acquaintance with every date, large or small, since the days of Adam. It was merely to learn a few score (or hundreds, as the case might be,) of such pleasant hexameters, and "the disciple would be no more troubled with weakness of memory, etc., for the rest of his life." In reply to this we have only to say, that the same amount of diligence, time, and labor expended on Old Testament history on a more ordinary, intelligible and simple plan, would have infallibly taught the disciple all he wished to acquire in the matters of Adam, Noah, and Cyrus. The same argument applies to all systems encumbered with such a *memoria technica*. The same amount of time, labor, diligence, and hearty love expended in teaching an Alphabetical System would have produced not only equal but far greater results. There would have been a wider field for work, many more advocates, and consequently greater resources; and, above all a more abundant harvest. There would have been no necessity for the teacher to get up the system beforehand; any one who could read, who had an hour to spare, and a heart to devote it to the blind, might at once have set to work. Unity of action would have been secured, and the success which attends unity of action would have followed.

But all these contingencies are now but profitless *would-have-beens*; and meanwhile Mr. Moon of Brighton is waiting. He has invented a system of reading which he naturally enough considers perfect. His advocates are few in number, but so strongly convinced of the superiority of their own views and the inferiority of every one's else, that to them he would appear to be

'Velut inter ignes

*Luna minores?*

Let us hear what Mr. Moon says for himself:—"In order to avoid the complicated form of the Roman letter, and the still less discernible angular type," he tells us that he has invented an alphabet, each letter of which is formed of two lines only; most of the letters bearing a *partial resemblance* to those in common use. Nine forms placed in different positions represent the whole alphabet and numerals, one form serving for A, V, K, L, and X, and another for E, I, M, and Y, while there are but four contracted forms, *ment, ing, tion, and ness*."

Merely pausing to notice that the use of *mt* for *ment*, *tn* for *tion*, etc., is not a very pro-

found or original idea, let us now see how far the claims of the advocates of this system are to be allowed. It is asserted, that the system is not an arbitrary but an alphabetical one; that so great a resemblance exists between the *Roman* and *Moonish* characters that a teacher with eyes would readily, if not at once, read by Moon's system; and that, nevertheless, so simple are the Moonish characters, and so entirely are the "*intricacies of the Roman letters*" removed, that a blind scholar learns to read by them with greater facility than by the ordinary A, B, C. We will leave both these questions to be decided by our readers on glancing at the following practical proofs:—

1. *Proof of resemblance between Moonish and Roman Letters:*

Roman P. Q. R. S. T.

Moonish — — — — —

2. *Proof of Intricacies being removed.*

Roman H. I. J. K. L.

Moonish O. |. J. <. L.

For our own part we must confess that we can neither discern the faintest trace of the resemblance sought to be established by No. 1, nor detect the removal of more than the least possible intricacy by No. 2. In fact, the system claims both the freedom of an arbitrary character, as well as the advantages of an alphabetical one; it professes to be at once like and unlike the same thing; and of necessity failing to establish any claim to either title, ends in being a mere mongrel. Of all the systems, moreover, this is among the bulkiest and most expensive, two characteristics which are alone sufficient to prevent its ever being adopted by any but its own few partisans.

If the New Testament, printed in all the five systems used in the English language, be taken as a standard of comparison, the following table will show the relative position of each.

Systems.	Numb. of Vols.	Size.	Numb. of Pages.	Lines in Page.	Square inches in Page.	£.	s.
American	2	4to.	430	—	117	0	18
Alston's	4	"	623	42	90	2	0
Lucas's	9	"	841	27	70	2	0
Frere's	8	Ob. 4to	723	—	110	2	10
Moon's	9	"	—	25	110	4	10

Mr. Moon, himself a blind man, deserves the highest praise for his labors in behalf of his fellow sufferers; but he might have done them a better service if he had led them into the highway,\* — the old beaten highway,

\* It is true that the highway is often not the shortest road, — that with many a winding turn it presses steadily on up hill and down dale: "but

where fellow travellers who had eyes might have helped them on the journey, instead of taking them by a short cut across the fields. Stiles, brambles, and miry paths add neither to the pleasure, despatch, or profit of any journey; whether it be to escape uphill toil over the old *Roman road*, or the stones of a more recent piece of MacAdam. Thus far, the different systems of embossed printing. Before, however, we quit this part of our subject we must again touch on the all-important point of price. Books of embossed printing, on whatever system, are chiefly for the benefit of the *poor blind*; their cost, therefore, is a question of primary importance. And in this age of cheap books, when a handsome library can be purchased for a few pounds, it is sad to think that the poor blind man who may chance to have mastered the *great task* of reading, cannot procure even the New Testament on any system at a less cost than £2; even on Frere's it will cost £2 10s.; and if he have grown up under the marine shadow of Mr. Moon, he will be mulcted of £4 10s. To all intents and purposes, therefore, the New Testament as a whole is utterly beyond the reach of those who most need it; the poorest and most ignorant of the blind. But it remains to be proved whether the printers of this age will not be able to introduce into printing for the blind improvements equal to those which mark every other branch of the art. To use a well-known phrase of logical precision, "there is no antecedent improbability" why the blind should not have a pocket bible and prayer book, and therewith rejoice on many a happy Sunday. Neither is there any "*archidiaconal*" reason why they should not in a shilling volume wax melancholy over the sable miseries of Uncle Tom, or enjoy with wonder and delight the exciting adventures of that worthy mariner Robinson Crusoe.

We now come to another branch of our subject, and to note what has been done for the intellectual cultivation of the blind. Little more has been yet accomplished in England than teaching them to read,\* write, and

even highways which wind among mountains, by being much frequented, become gradually so smooth and commodious, that it is much better to follow them than to seek a *straighter* path by climbing over the tops of rocks and descending to the bottom.—*Descartes on Method.*

\* But looking back on what Saunderson and Moyes achieved in the study of pure science and mathematics, there seems to be no reason why a few of the cleverest pupils who show any taste for such subjects should not be allowed to read a book or two of Euclid. That the attempt has been made, and not without success, we know. It is more than probable that the blind boy who fairly crosses the fatal "*Pons asinorum*," realizes the *pure reason* of his task far more fully than many a learner with eyes who again and again describes the dreadful angle on a greasy slate.

cipher, and even thus far only in the best of the schools with any degree of accuracy or skill. But the spirit of inquiry on their behalf is now spreading through the land. Many thoughtful and philanthropic men are expending time and labor on a subject at once of interest and importance, and the next ten years will probably witness many useful discoveries in aid of so intelligent and afflicted a class.

As might naturally be supposed, the study of Music affords to the blind the purest and most unmixed pleasure; for in this pursuit are they least reminded of their infirmity. They find in it scope for the highest imagination, as well as the deepest feelings of religion; and when a blind man becomes a musician he is one with his whole *heart*, giving up to this study his entire energies and thoughts. At the Blind-School in St. George's Fields, under the able direction of Mr. Turle of Westminster Abbey, many of the pupils have attained considerable skill both in vocal and instrumental music. A blind choir, guided and accompanied by a blind organist, performing choruses and solos from the works of Handel, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Bach, and other choice masters, is indeed a surprising spectacle; of which, however, our readers may themselves judge by attending one of their usual Monthly Concerts at the School. It is much to be regretted that difficulty should exist in procuring situations for blind organists, however well qualified, more especially as the pupil who becomes a musician rarely masters a trade, or shows much skill as a reader.

How the blind man writes, is a problem of much easier solution than that of on what system he is to learn to read. The apparatus he uses is very simple. A small framework of wood, somewhat like a gridiron without a handle, is made to shut with a hinge on a flat square of mahogany, on which is laid the sheet of paper. Between the wooden bars thus resting on the paper, the writer inserts, one by one, each letter, — a small slip of deal with the Roman capital protruding from one end in points of metal. These points pierce the paper and produce corresponding letters; the operation being most like what children call "pricking a pattern;" easily seen by the eye, and on the reverse side easily detected by the finger. The process is soon learned, and requires but a little patience, strength of finger, and a knowledge of spelling not Moonish or Lucasian.\* Almost as easily the blind scholar learns to use a ciphering-frame, which is of the ordinary size, — of metal in a frame of wood. Across it, in parallel lines at equal distances, run rows of pentagonal holes, like the cells of a honey-

\* Mr. Hughes, the Governor of the Blind-School at Manchester, has invented a most ingenious typograph for the use of the blind. But its price at once removes it beyond the reach of all but the wealthy.

comb. Into these holes he inserts his figure (2 or 8, or whatever it be), which consists of a small metal pentagonal plug terminating at one end in two forked points, at the other in a single obtuse point. When this plug is inserted into the hole, one end remains above the surface of the slate, and according to its position and the nature of the point, whether twofold or single, the finger of the blind scholar determines what figure is represented; the different positions being obviously ten in number. With an apparatus of this kind the scholar of an ordinary blind-school manages to work simple sums in the four chief rules of arithmetic; but beyond a knowledge of these four, comparatively few ever pass. It may be asked, "Why cannot the blind in some degree emulate the skill and dexterity of Saunderson, the famous blind mathematician? How, if they as a class never progress beyond the horrors of long-division, could he, without ingenious frames and pentagonal plugs, calculate the doctrine of eclipses and comets, and explain those profound laws which guide the stars in their courses?"

Genius like Saunderson's ever devises ways and means of its own. It has a thousand little contrivances unknown to the ordinary student, who is content enough to travel along the beaten road which others have fashioned for him. Saunderson's whole machinery for computing, was a small sheet of deal, divided by lines into a certain number of squares, and pierced at certain angles with holes large enough to admit a metal pin. With this simple board and a box of pins he made all his calculations; yet, in 1711, he was the friend of Sir Isaac Newton, and by his interest was elected Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge. It is most probable that he never beheld the distant orbs of heaven, yet with the highest skill he reasoned of the laws which control them; unfolding and expaining the nature and beauty of light which he could not behold, and the glory of that bow in the clouds which he had never seen.\*

Thus also was it with Huber, the blind philosopher of Geneva. His discoveries in the honied labors of bees have equalled, if not surpassed, those of any other one student of Nature. It remained for Huber, not only to corroborate truths which others had partially discovered, but also to detect and describe minute particulars which had escaped even the

\* Of the keenness with which he entered on these studies, and the readiness with which he received outward impressions, M. Dufan gives a striking proof:

"Assistant un jour à des observations astronomiques qui se faisaient en plein air, s'apercevait des moments où le soleil était obscurci par des nuages passagers, au point de pouvoir indiquer lui-même avec précision l'instant où il fallait suspendre ou poursuivre les observations."

acute observation of Swammerdam. It is true that others supplied him with eyes, but he furnished them with thought and intellect; *he saw with their eyes*. Thus he clearly proved that there are two distinct sets of bees in every hive: honey-gatherers and the wax-makers and nurses; that the larvæ of working-bees can by course of diet be changed to queens; thus also he accurately described the sanguinary conflicts of rival queens; the recognition of old companions or of royalty by the use of the antennæ; thus he explained the busy hum and unceasing vibration of wing ever going on in the hive, as being necessary for due ventilation.\*

One of the last incidents in the old man's life that seemed to rouse and interest him, was the arrival of a present of *stingless* bees, from their discoverer, Capt. B. Hall. Unwearied diligence, and love for his work, no doubt greatly aided him in all these discoveries; but genius effected for him what mere assiduity would never have accomplished. She taught him in a few minutes to swim the river of difficulty, while others spent hours in searching for a ford. It is the union of diligence and genius which has made so many a blind man famous among his brethren with eyes; not only the way to conceive, but the hand to carry out and achieve, in its own way, the plan of wisdom and of beauty. Thus Metcalf, the blind guide and engineer, constructed roads through the wilds of Derbyshire; thus Davidson ventilated the deepest coal-mines, and lectured on the structure of the eye; as did Dr. Moyes† on chemistry and optics; thus Blacklock, poet and musician, master of four languages besides his own, wrote both prose and poetry with elegance and ease;‡ thus, nearer

\* A diseased state of an organ of sense will perpetually tamper with the understanding, and perhaps at last overthrow it. But when one organ is obliterated, the mind applies some other to a double use. Some ten years back, at Sowerby, I met a man perfectly blind,—from infancy. His chief amusement was *fishing on the wild uneven banks of the Eden*, and up the difficult mountain-streams. His friend, a dexterous card-player, also stone-blind, knew every gate and stile of the district. John Gough, of Kendal, *blind*, is not only a mathematician, but an infallible botanist and zoologist; *correcting mistakes of keen sportsmen as to birds and vermin*. His face is all one eye. (*Condensed from Coleridge's Omniana*, p. 332.)

† The eyes of Moyes, although he was totally blind, were not insensible to intense light. Colors were not distinguished by him, but felt. *Red* was disagreeable; he said it was like "*the grating of a saw*;" while *green* was very pleasant, and compared to "*a smooth surface*," when touched.

‡ In some instances blindness seems to have gifted the sufferer with new powers.

A Dr. Guyse, we read, lost his eyesight in the pulpit while he was at prayer before the sermon; but nevertheless managed to preach as usual. An old lady of the congregation hearing him deplore his loss, thus strove to comfort him:—"God be

to our own time, Holman the traveller, to whose labors we have already referred, has made himself a name far beyond the shores of Great Britain. We know not what Saunders or Hubers the present generation is to see. One name equally great in another path of fame it already has: Prescott, the historian of Ferdinand and Isabella, Mexico and Peru, etc., who, though not blind, has a defect of the eyes which prevents him from reading and writing, but whose literary labors have nevertheless delighted and instructed thousands both in the Old and New World. We are glad also to observe, that Lord Cranborne has come before the world as an author; having written an excellent little "History of France" for children. We trust that this is but an earnest of what he intends to do for learners of a larger growth.

In the meanwhile it is pleasant to reflect that much more is now being attempted for the blind than has ever yet been accomplished. Asylums and schools are being established in many parts of England; in all which we hope that the tone and extent of education are to rise far above what has yet been done. It argues well for the ground of this hope that a well organized society is at length in existence, the object of which is to provide a series of standard works for the blind at the smallest possible cost. Schools and asylums may be multiplied throughout the length and breadth of the land to any extent, but if the blind when they leave the school are to go back to the work-house, the laborer's cottage, the crowded attic of the artisan, or even a workshop of their own, — without books, and without the means of procuring them, — their having learned to dare will, after all its cost of toil and time, be but a cause of discontent and repining. We trust, therefore, that all success may attend the labors of *The Society for Printing and Distributing Books for the Use of the Blind*, especially if they print cheap Bibles.

As it is probable that many of our readers have never visited a school for the blind, we will pay a short visit to the great one in St. George's Fields, probably the largest in the world. Of the building we will only say that it is large and imposing in appearance. It contains about 150 pupils, both males and females, of very various ages, almost entirely from the indigent class. The object of the school is to teach the blind to read the Bible, and to impart to them such a knowledge of

some useful trade as shall enable them if only in part to earn their own living. For this purpose they are usually retained in the school for a period of about six and a half years. All the pupils are totally blind, and yet the majority not only learn to read well, but to write, to cipher, and to spell, besides mastering a trade, or learning to play the organ. We will enter one of the chief work rooms. In it, hard at work, we find upwards of forty boys and men, all totally blind, making basket work of every possible size and description, from the finest and most delicate of dinner mats to the gigantic ark of unpeeled osier for packing swans for a journey across the North Sea. The workers are all cheerful, nay in most cases, merry. Baskets, flower-stands, chairs, and screens, in short, all kinds of wicker work are here made by the thousand every year. The little boy on the left is a new comer. He is taking a first lesson from the foreman, and learning to split the osiers. In a month from this time he will be able to make a rough market basket. Two months ago he sat moping in a dark corner of a fisherman's cottage in Cornwall, in forlorn helplessness. Since then mind and body have begun to revive, — he is now bright, cheerful, and intelligent, — he can now use his limbs, and begins to find out that he has a mind — aye, and much more — a soul, within him: he has mastered his alphabet, has begun the good habit of saying daily prayers with his companions, and hearing God's word read. His education has commenced, he is learning to think, he is waking up to a new life.\*

Look where we will, the work goes busily and deftly on, as if all the workers had the best of eyes. They sort the osiers, peel them, split them, arrange them for use, if necessary point them, and chip off stray ends of obnoxious twigs with a sharp knife. Enter the shoe shop, and we are impressed with the same conviction, and judging only by the work done we decide at once that the workmen *must* have sharp eyes; hammering, cutting, sewing, going on as cleverly and quickly as among the most

\* The female pupils in this School undergo, we find, a somewhat similar education and training to the boys. A few learn basket-making, etc.; but by far the greater number devote their time to various kinds of sewing, knitting, and netting, spinning twine, making window and picture-frame cord (used at the Royal Castle of Windsor for Her Majesty's pictures), purse-making, and hair-weaving of every possible description. All the household linen in use throughout the School is also made up by the girls and women.

We cannot mention this Institution without connecting with it the name of S. H. Sterry, Esq., of Bermondsey, who throughout a long and well-spent life has labored most zealously and successfully for the Blind. His labors on their behalf date from the foundation of the school at the beginning of the present century.

praised," said she, "that your sight is gone. I never heard your Reverence preach so powerful a service in my life. I wish for my own part that the Lord had taken away your sight twenty years ago; for your ministry would have been more useful by twenty degrees." The old lady's judicial wish was rather a severe one; but of the correctness of her conclusion we are inclined to doubt.

clear-sighted set of Crispins. In this room are made shoes for the whole 150 pupils. Enter the mat shop, look at that mountain of mats of all colors, asperities, and sizes; all made by more busy workers whose eyes never saw what their hands so diligently toiled at. The old man near us is busy at an enormous door mat too vast, thick, and solid, it would seem, for any but the sons of Anak. It is for the hall of the Guards' Club in Pall Mall. The boy next to him is fringing his mat with bright green; it is a small neat and dainty affair to be placed inside the study door of dyspeptic Mr. Brown as he reads metaphysics. He is dreadfully afraid of draughts, and this diminutive mat has squared edges, that it may fit exactly into the required space inside his door which leads into the garden. The door opens inwards, but so thin is the mat, that the panel sweeps smoothly over it with ease. Mat-making appears to be hard work, requiring great exertion in beating and combing as the work proceeds, the workman standing during the whole day.

That huge pile on the right is chiefly of colored rugs, decked with brilliant borders, wreaths of flowers, and patterns of all hues and sizes. It seems impossible that they are the work of the blind. But they can be, and are made in this very shop. The man working at a loom in the corner is making a rug, with a brilliant crimson scroll at either corner on a dark ground. His wools of different colors are given to him by the foreman *in a certain order*; and these he himself arranges by his side, easily within reach, also in a certain order. But how shall he *know* the pattern of the future rug? No possible description, even if the busy foreman could afford time for it, could explain the intricacies of that scroll work. It must be exactly done, too, for it is to match a carpet; every twisted leaf of that rare flower and that curious branch, which grow only in carpet-land, must be accurately copied, or Mr. Brown's critical eye will be offended as he stands in a judicial mood on the border where the land of drugget commences. How then is our rug-maker to follow a pattern he has never seen, in colors of which he has not the faintest notion? Look at him, he is consulting his guide. It is a thin smooth sheet of deal, mathematically divided by cross-bar lines, scratched into the surface. At certain points of intersection nails are inserted, some deeply, some lightly, others almost buried in the wood, barely catching the eye. The blind weaver is reading them with his finger. They describe to him the pattern his eye never saw, which is now being reproduced for Mr. Cassio Brown. Observe that some nails have large dropsical heads,—others are headless,—a third kind are dying of atrophy,—mere pins; a fourth class wear college caps; and a

fifth are but ignominious brads. As his finger follows the line of brads, it is to him as a waved line, circle or square, it may be of green, or black, or what not, but which ever it be, he feels at once the exact point where the collegians meet their enemies the vulgar brads, and knows therefore, where to insert the necessary change of color. Each nail tells its own story, every change of color, and every new line of march, and this story the blind weaver reads with his fingers' ends.\*

Of course it is not every pupil that attains this degree of skill and dexterity. Some never attain it. It is the reward of many years' patient assiduity on the part of teacher and pupil. It is not to be wondered at that comparatively few attain to so great an amount of skill, but that a single blind pupil ever thus masters a weaver's difficult trade. We might easily fill many pages with a further account of the works and ways of blind scholars, and perhaps run the risk of exhausting our readers' patience. Many more famous names† still remain unnoticed, though well deserving of note, and replete with interest. From the golden days of "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle," down to our own unpoetic age, when the blind man's song is apt to be redolent of Lucifer matches, and to whine for pity expressed in copper coin, we might easily select many a noble instance of genius, "*cui profundum cecitas lumen dedit.*"

But we think that our present purpose has been fulfilled if we have succeeded in laying before our readers those features in the history and

\* The detection of color by the touch of the blind is a mooted point. M. Guillie mentions several anecdotes of blind persons who had the power of discriminating colors by the touch. But, if the testimony of a large body of English blind children can be relied on, the detection of color is utterly beyond their reach. Saunderson's power of detecting by his *finger or tongue*, a counterfeit coin which had deceived the *eye* of a connoisseur, is a totally different question. We are hardly aware how much of our dexterity in the use of the eye arises from incessant practice. Those who have been relieved of blindness at an advanced or even an early period of life, have been often found to recur to the old and more familiar sense of touch, in preference to sight; especially during the first few months after recovering their sight. Coleridge (in his *Omniana*) mentions a most remarkable instance of a blind man at Hanover, who possessed so keen a touch as to be able to read with his fingers books of *ordinary print*, if printed, as most German books are, on coarse paper. (P. 334.)

† One remarkable instance is given by Dufau at p. 89, with which we have never met before:—"On cite en Angleterre un parent de l'auteur du Roman celebre de *Tom Jones* (Fielding) qui tout aveugle qu'il etait, exerçait a Londres les fonctions de *Chief Magistrate of the Police Office* ou de Lieutenant de Police; il avait dans la tete ses signaux de plusieurs milliers de voleurs, et ne se trompait jamais lorsqu'on les traduisait devant lui."

habits of the blind, as a class, wherein chiefly lies the difference between them and the rest of mankind. We have seen what has been done on their behalf, and may now form a fair judgment of what remains to be accomplished. However peculiar and isolated a race they may be, they still have in common with other men, powers and faculties of mind and body which must be fully recognized and cherished, or every peculiarity will grow more marked, until the isolation has become final and complete.

If the books provided for their use are to be few in number, and those few all of one peculiar cast and tone of thought and subject; if, in short, they are to be dieted on some one dish of mental papulum of unbroken monotony, instead of sharing, at least to some extent, in the lessons of wisdom and beauty to be found elsewhere, it cannot be a matter of surprise that their education should progress but slowly, if it sink not into utter stagnation.

Beyond all doubt the blind man must as he learns to read be taught to prize the book of books above all others. To one in his circumstances it has a special voice and message of hope and comfort. But to institute a comparison between the one book and others, and then to decide that he shall read no single page of amusement or entertainment to the end of his days, appears to be at once an act of injustice and bigotry. The very comparison itself is wanting in that respect which is due to the sacred volume, and on which the decision professes to be founded; while its practical result is thus expressed to the sufferer, — "You have lost the use of your eyes, and are thus in a measure cut off from your fellow men, and shut out from many sources of pleasure, amusement, and instruction, which they enjoy, care shall therefore be taken to cut you off entirely from all such sources of enjoyment in the world of books."

A far juster and wiser decision would, we think, be as follows: "You have lost your sight, and are thus in a measure isolated from the rest of men; as far as possible, therefore, we will atone to you for the loss. Instead of shutting up, we will open, every available channel of information. Having first learned to read and to value the wisest and best of all

books, you shall have placed within your reach lessons of wisdom, truth, and beauty, to be found in other pages." It is a decision to which the friends of real education must, sooner or later, come.

In proportion as the blind share heartily and thankfully in all that is found to invigorate, to purify and instruct the human mind, in that exact ratio will they learn not only to value aright the written Word, but to own Him in whom they live and move. The mental vision will become bright and clear, as the physical blindness is made a lighter burden. The eyes of the soul alone see clearest traces of that great Being to whom the night is as the day. It is true that much has been done for the blind; but much still remains to be done on wider principles, and with more enlarged views. The whole spirit of the age demands that it should be so. Throughout every grade in the social scale is it beginning to be felt, that the life and well being of all is inseparably connected with the welfare of the individual; that the vitality of no one class can be real or lasting, but as it shares in the vitality of the whole. The natural result of this feeling is healthy reaction; new blood is beginning to mingle with the old, and every pulsation gives promise of fresh vigor and renewed life. We agree, indeed, with Prescott in thinking that "what has already been done has conferred a service on the blind, which we, insensible from the very prodigality of our blessings, cannot fully estimate. The glimmering of the taper which is lost in the blaze of day may be sufficient to guide the steps of him whose path lies through darkness." True, a lantern on a dark night is better than no light at all; it may save us from many a stumble, though it cannot save us from an occasional step into miry ways, or perchance from here and there taking a wrong turning. All we ask for the blind is such a share in the advantages, privileges, and enjoyments of the rest of the world as can fairly be given, and really used. Adopting Prescott's simile of the taper, we would say to every friend of the cause in words of an older date, —

"Tu, carusque Deis, et abundans lumine, soli  
Ne tibi lumen habe; commune sit omnibus æque."

"THE FIRST GENTLEMAN IN EUROPE" EN DISHABILLE. Lockhart mentioned Chantrey's description of a morning in the King's bedchamber at the cottage. His tailor, Wyatville, Chantrey, and somebody else in attendance, and the King in bed, in a dirty flannel waistcoat and cotton nightcap. A servant announces the Duke of Wellington is arrived, and waits an audience in the adjoining room. His Majesty gets up, puts on a fine silk douillette and velvet cap, and

goes to the Duke; and after the conference is ended, returns, puts on the dirty flannel waistcoat and cotton nightcap, and to bed again. Generally walks about his room all the morning in bare legs. — *Moore's Diary.*

Engineers are making the surveys for a railway round Paris, at a distance of sixty miles from the city, so as to form a communication with all the great lines which start from the capital.

From Household Words.

## CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

ROYALTY in decadence and adversity, although it may be occasionally magnanimous, is at all times a melancholy spectacle. A seedy prince, a duke out at elbows, a shabby lord even, are objects of pity and compassion; but a bankrupt sovereign, a queen at a discount, a king "hard up," are, I take it, superlatively pitiable. Women, it is true, can bear adversity better than men. Without misery it would seem to be impossible for some of the dear creatures to "come out so strong" (to use a vulgar phrase) in the way of patience, of long suffering, of love, in mercy, of self-abnegation, as under the pressure of adverse circumstances. Marie Antoinette, we will wager, was oftentimes as cheerful while washing and combing the little dauphin (before he, poor child, was taken from her), in the gloomy donjon of the Temple, as she had been, in the days of her glory, in the golden galleries of Versailles. Queen Margaret, in the forest with her son, mollifying the robber, is a pleasanter sight to view than Queen Margaret the Cruel, an intriguing politician, decorating the Duke of York's head with a paper crown. Who would not sooner form unto himself an image of the Scottish Mary weeping in her first, innocent, French widowhood, or partaking of her last melancholy repast at Fotheringay among her mourning domestics, than that same Scottish Mary battling with Ruthven for Rizzio's life, or listening in the gray morning for the awful sound which was to tell her that the deed of blood at the Kirk of Field was done, and that Henry Lord Darnley was dead?

Still for one Porphyrogenitus, as it were—born in the purple—lapped in the velvet of a throne, with an orb for a plaything, and a sceptre for a lollypop, to come to poverty and meanness, to utter decay and loss of consideration—be he king, or be she queen—is very wretched and pity-moving to view. Dionysius keeping school (and dwelling on the verb *tupto*, you may be sure); Boadicea widowed, scourged, dishonored, wandering up and down in search of vengeance; Lear, old, mad, and worse than childish, in the forest; Zenobia ruined and in chains; Darius

"Deserted in his utmost need,  
By those his former bounty fed."

Theodore of Corsica filing his schedule in the Insolvent Debtors' Court; Caroline of Prussia bullied by Napoleon; Murat waiting for a file of grenadiers to despatch him; for those who have once been "your majesty," before whom chamberlains have walked backward, to be poor, to be despised, to be forgotten, must be awful, should be instructive, is pitiable.

A case of this description, and which I have lately been emboldened to call one of real distress, has lately come under the notice of the writer of this article. He happens to be acquainted with a Queen, once powerful, once rich, once respected, once admired, whose dominions were almost boundless, the foundations of whose empire were certainly of antediluvian, and possibly of pre-

Adamite date. Assyria, Babylon, Egypt, Phœnicia, Carthage, Rome, Greece, Macedon, were all baby dynasties compared with that of QUEEN MAB.

Not always known under this title, perhaps, but still recognized in all time as a queen, as an empress, a sultana—the autocrat of imagination, the mistress of magic, the czarina of fancy, poetry, beauty—the queen of the fairies and fairyland.

Her chronicles were writ with a diamond pen upon the wing of a butterfly, before ever Confucius had penned a line, or Egyptian hieroglyphics were thought of. She animated all nature when, for millions of miles, there had not been known one living thing, and there was nothing howling but the desert. She peopled the heavens, the air, the earth, the waters, with innumerable tribes of imaginary beings, arrayed in tints borrowed from the flowers, the rainbow, and the sun. She converted every virtue into a divinity, every vice into a demon. Far, far superior to mythology, her sovereignty was tributary only to religion.

When Theseus reigned in Athens—let William Shakspeare settle when—Queen Mab, under the name and garb of Titania, reigned lady paramount in all the woods and wilds near the city. She was wedded to one Oberon: of whose moral character, whatever people may say, I have always thought but very lightly. She knew a bank whereon the wild thyme grew; she had a court of dancing fays and glittering sprites; at her call, came from the brown forest glades, from the recesses of mossy banks, from the penetralia of cowslips' bells, from under the blossoms that hung on boughs, from where the bee sucked, from where the owls cried, from flying on bats' backs—satyrs and fauns, elves and elfins, naiads, dryads, hamadryads, brycomanes, strange little creatures in skins and scales, with wings and wild eyes. And Oberon had but to wave his wand, and lo, the dewdrops and the glow-worms, and the will-o'-the-wisps gathered themselves together, and became a creature—that creature Puck—the mischief-loving, agile, playful Puck, putting "a girdle round the earth in forty minutes," weaving subtle incantations upon Bully Bottom with the ass's head, or, with some million Puck-like sprites bearing glistening torches, singing in elfin chorus—

"Through the house give glimmering light,"

and lighting up the vast marble palace of Theseus until Philostrate, lord high chamberlain and master of the revels, must have thought that his subordinates were playing the *diable à quatre* with his stores of "wax ends from the palace." This was Queen Mab—Titania—the fairy queen who reigned in the Piræus and in the Morea, from Athens to Lacedæmon, from Thrace to Corinth. The bigwigs of Olympus recognized her: Jupiter winked at her while his ox-eyed spouse had turned her bucolic glances another way. Pan was aware of her, and lent her his pipes oftentimes. Socrates knew her, and she consoled him when his demon had been tormenting him unmercifully. Not, however, to Greece did she confine herself. She winged her way with

Bacchus to the hot climes of Indy when he became Iswara and Baghessa; she sported on crocodiles' tails in Egypt when Bacchus once more changed himself into Osiris. She was a Sanscrit fairy when Bacchus became Vrishadwaja. The stout bulrushes of old Nile, the gigantic palms of Indostan, the towering bamboos of China, quavered lightly as the myriad elves of fairyland danced upon them. Wherever there was mythology, wherever there was poetry, wherever there was fancy, there was Queen Mab: multi-named and multi-formed, but still queen of the beautiful, the poetical, the fanciful.

The East was long her favorite abode. She hovered about Chinese marriage feasts, and blew out the light in variegated lanterns; she sat on Chinese fireworks, let off squibs and crackers and pasted wafers, upon Mandarins' spectacles, thousands of years before lanterns, fireworks, or spectacles were ever heard or thought of in this part of the globe. When the whole of Europe was benighted and in gloom, she—Queen Mab, as the Fairy Peribanon—was giving that gorgeous never-to-be-forgotten series of evening parties known as the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. She had castles of gold, silver, brass, and precious stones; of polished steel, and adamant, and glass. She had valleys of diamonds and mountains of sapphires. In her stud were flying horses, with tails that whisked your eyes out; mares that had once been beautiful women. In her aviaries were roes whose eggs were as large as Mr. Wyld's Globe; birds that talked, and birds that danced, and birds that changed into princes. In her ponds were fishes that refused to be fried in egg and bread-crumbs, or, in the Hebrew fashion, in Florence oil, but persisted in holding astoundingly inexplicable converse with fairies, who came out of party-walls and defied Grand Viziers; fishes that eventually proved to be—not fishes—but the mayor, corporation, and burgesses of a highly respectable submerged city. From them doubtless sprang, in after ages, the susceptible oyster that was crossed in love, and subsequently whistled; and the accomplished sturgeon (I think) that smoked a pipe and sang a comic song.

In those golden Eastern days, the kingdom or queendom of Fairyland was peopled with one-eyed calenders, sons of kings, gigantic genii who for countless ages had been shut up in metal caskets hermetically secured by Solomon's Seal; and who, being liberated therefrom by benevolent fishermen, began in smoke (how many a genius has ended in the same!), and finally assuming their primeval proportions, threatened and terrified their benefactors. In the train of the Arabian Queen Mab, were spirits who conveyed hunch-backed bridegrooms into remote chambers, and there left them, head downwards; there were fairies who transported lovers, in their shirts and drawers, to the gates of Damascus, and there incited them to enter the fancy-baking trade, bringing them into sore peril in the long run, through not putting pepper into cream-tarts; there were cunning magicians, knowing of gardens underground, where there were trees whereof all the fruits were jewels, and who went up and down Crim Tartary crying: "Old lamps for new;"

there were palaces, built, destroyed, and rebuilt, in an instant; there were fifty thousand black slaves with jars of jewels on their heads; there were carpets which flew through the air, caps which rendered their owners invisible, loadstones which drew the nails out of ships, money which turned to dry leaves, magic passwords which caused the doors of subterranean caverns to revolve on their hinges. Yes; and the Eastern Queen Mab could show you Halls of Eblis, in which countless multitudes for ever wandered up and down; black marble staircases, with never a bottom; paradises where Gulchenrouz revelled, and for which Bababalouk sighed; demon dwarfs with scimitars, the inscriptions on whose blades baffled the Caliph Vathek, and who (the dwarfs), being menaced and provoked, rolled themselves up into concentric balls, and suffered themselves to be kicked into interminable space. Queen Mab held her court in Calmuck Tartary; and there, in the Relations of Sidi Kur, yet extant, she originated marvellous stories of the wandering Khan; of the glorified Naugasuna Garbi, who was "radiant within and without;" of the wonderful bird Ssidi, who came from the middle kingdom of India; of wishing-caps, flying-swords, hobgoblins, and fairies in abundance. In the East, Whittington and his Cat first realized their price; it rested in Italy on its way northward; and the merry priest Piovano Arlotto had it from a benevolent Brahmin, and told it in Florence before there was ever a Lord Mayor in London. The King of the Frogs—that of Doctor Leyden and the Brothers Grimm—was a tributary of Queen Mab in Lesser Thibet, centuries ago; and the fact of the same story being found in the *Gesta Romanorum*, and in the popular superstitions of Germany, only proves the universality of Queen Mab's dominion. It is no proof that, because Queen Mab's fays and goblins hovered about the rude incantations of Scandinavian mythology, they were not associated likewise in the One awful and mysterious monosyllable of the Hindu Triad.

Before Queen Mab came to be a "case of real distress," she was everywhere. She and her sprites played their fairy games with Bramah and Vishnu, and with the Örmuzd of the Zenda-vesta. Her stories were told in Denmark, where the trolld-folk celebrated her glories. The glib-cat eating his bread and milk from the red earthenware pipkin of Goodman Platte, and in deadly fear of Knune-Marre, is the same Scottish glib-cat that so rejoiced when Mader Watt was told that "auld Girnegar o' Craigend, alias Rumble-Grumble, was dead. The Norman *Fabliaux* of the Poor Scholar, the Three Thieves, and the Sexton of Cluni, are all of Queen Mab's kindred in Scotland. The German tales of the Wicked Goldsmith, the Talking Bird, and the Eating of the Bird's Heart, were written in Queen Mab's own book of the Fable of Sigurd, delighted in by those doughty Scandinavian heroes Thor and Odin. A corresponding tradition has been seized upon by that ardent lover of Queen Mab, Monsieur Perrault, in his story of the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood. The Golden Goose we have read and laughed at when told us by the Brothers Grimm, in their *Kinder-märchen*, is but

the tale well known to Queen Mab, of Loke hanging on to the Giant Eagle, for which you may consult (though I dare say you won't) the Volsunga Saga, or the second part of the edition of Resenius. Monk Lewis's hideous tale of the Grim White Woman, in which the spirit of the child whistles to its father:

"—pew-wew—pew-wew  
My Minny he stew,"

is but the nether-Saxon tale of the Machandel Boom or the Holly Tree. "My Minny he stew," is but

"Min moder de mi schlacht,  
Min Vater de mi att."

The Queen-Mab records of the Countess d'Anois delighted children whose fathers' fathers had anticipated their delight hundreds of years before, in the *Pentamerone* of Giovan' Battista Basile. The Moorish tales of Melendo the Man-eater were known of old to the Welsh, and are recorded in their *Manobogion*, or *Myvyrian Archæology*. The Bogy of our English nursery was found in Spain, in the days of Maricastana; and, under the guise of a horse without a head, he yet haunts the Moorish ramparts of the Alhambra, in company with another nondescript beast with a dreadful woolly hide, called the *Bel-ludo*. *Belludo* yet haunts Windsor Forest as *Herne the Hunter*. I hear his hoarse growl, awful to little children, in the old streets of Rouen, where he is known as the *Gargouille*. I have seen him—at least I have seen those who have seen him—as the headless hen of *Dumbledown-deary*.

I count as Queen Mab's subjects and as part of her dominions, all persons and lands not strictly mythological, but only fanciful. Homer, Virgil, Ovid, and Company, may keep Mount Olympus, the ox-eyed Juno, the zoned Venus, the limping Vulcan, the nimble-fingered Mercury, for me. I envy not Milton his "dreaded name of Demogorgon," his Satans, Beelzebubs, Molochs, his tremendous allegories of Sin and Death. Queen Mab has no sympathy with these. Nay, nor for Doctor Johnson's ponderous supernaturals (fairies in full-bottomed wigs and buckles), his happy valleys of Abyssinia, many-pillared palaces, and genii spouting aphorisms full of morality and

latinity. Nay, and queen Mab has nought to do with courtly Joseph Addison and his academic vision of Mirza, where the shadowy beings of Mohammedan fancy seem turned into trochees and dactyls. Queen Mab never heard of Exeter Hall; and never made or encouraged dense platform eloquence. I claim for Queen Mab that she once—alas! once—possessed the whole realm and region of fairy and goblin fiction throughout the world, civilized and uncivilized. I claim as hers the fairies, ghosts, and goblins of William Shakespeare; Prospero with his rough magic, the beast Caliban, the witch Sycorax, the dainty Ariel, and the whole of the Enchanted Island. I claim as hers, Puck, Peas-blossom, and Mustard-seed. As hers, Puckle, Hecate, the little airy spirits; the spirits black, white, and gray; the whole goblin corps of the *Saturnalia* in Macbeth. These were wicked subjects of the Queen of Fairyland—rebellious imps; but they were hers. I likewise claim as hers, all the witches, man-eaters, lavaudeuses, brucolaques, loup-garous, pussies-in-boots, talking birds, princes changed into beasts, white cats, giant-killers (whether Jacks or no), dragon-quellers, and champions, that never existed. Likewise, all and every the Bevis's, Arthurs, dun cows, demon dwarfs, banshees, Brownies (of Bodestock, or otherwise), magicians, sorcerers, good people, uncanny folk, elves, giants, tall black men, wolves addicted to eating grand-mammars and grandchildren, communicative fish (whether with rings or otherwise), ghoules, afrits, genii, peris, djinns, calenders, hobgoblins, "grim worthies of the world," ogres with preternatural olfactory powers, paladins, dwergars, Robin Goodfellow, and all other supernatural things and persons.

And preferring these great claims—howsoever wise we grow, are they not great after all!—of Queen Mab's, to the general respect, I present Her Majesty as a case of real distress. She has been brought very low indeed. She is sadly reduced. She has hardly a shoe to stand upon. Boards, Commissions, and Societies, grimly educating the reason, and binding the fancy in fetters of red tape, have sworn to destroy her. Spare her, drivers of Whole Hogs to not unprofitable markets: spare her, also, Marlborough House; spare her, Mr. COLE, for you ride your hobbies desperately hard!

**THE BEST SOCIETY.** A curious conversation after dinner, from my saying that, "after all, it was in high life one met the best society." Rogers violently opposing me; he too, of all men, who, (as I took care to tell him) had through the greater part of his life shown practically that he agreed with me, by confining himself almost exclusively to this class of society. It is, indeed, the power which these great people have of commanding, among other luxuries, the presence of such men as he is at their tables, that sets their circle (taking all its advantages into account) indisputably above all others in the way of society. Said, with some bitterness, that, on the

contrary, the high class were the vilest people one met. Vulgar enough, God knows! some of them are; vulgar in mind, which is the worst sort of vulgarity. But, to say nothing of women, where, in any rank or station in life, could one find men better worth living with, whether for manners, information, or any other of the qualities that render society agreeable, than such persons as Lords Holland, Grey, Carlisle, Lansdowne, Cowper, King, Melbourne, Carnarvon, John Russell, Dudley, Normanby, Morpeth, Mahon, and numbers of others that I can speak of from personal knowledge?—*Moore's Diary*.

From *The Spectator*, 14 Jan.

# RELIGIOUS CHART OF ENGLAND.

THOSE members of the Peerage who objected to the collection of religious statistics under the Census Act will find their refutation in the masterly volume which Mr. Horace Mann has presented to the public under the instructions of the Registrar-General. It is difficult to understand that accurate information could do harm in any case; but perhaps on no subject has information been at once more desirable and more vague than on the state and distribution of religious sects in this country: and while through the present volume we may be said for the first time to know ourselves in our actual condition, so far as material indications show it, the general tendency of the report is at once to stimulate exertion and to afford cheering prospects for the issue of that exertion. The idea of collecting religious statistics appears to have originated with Major Graham, the Registrar-General; and notwithstanding the mutilation of the act, the census-collectors were instructed to request information from the ministers of religious bodies. Although this request could not be legally enforced, it appears to have been complied with in the great majority of cases; and there are many tests which combine to show that the general results are not very far from strict accuracy. The volume is a striking testimony to the utility of a public department in collecting information and condensing it to an available shape.

The number of creeds in England is a proverbial subject of remark; but the reader who turns over the tables in this book will receive new ideas as to the surprising subdivision—a subdivision which prevents any one sect from being other than a minority. We cannot even except the National Church. But, independently of the minuter subdivisions of recognizable sects, such as the "Trinitarian Predestinarians," the "Free Gospel Christians," or the "Supralapsarian Calvinists," Mr. Mann reckons thirty-six religious communities or sects,—twenty-seven native and indigenous, nine foreign; besides a number of sects so small and unconsolidated that they cannot be included in the list, and separate congregations, of which there are many. Not a few of the last eschew sectarian distinctions. There are, for example, ninety-six which simply call themselves Christians. The proportion of the distribution is in some degree indicated by the number of buildings. Out of 34,467 places of public worship of all denominations, there are belonging to the Church of England 14,077 churches, with more than 10,000 clergy, and an aggregate property estimated at more than £5,000,000. Although not a majority of the whole people, the Church of England greatly exceeds any other section of the population in numbers. In one place, Mr. Mann calculates that the total number of persons attending divine worship in the churches of the Establishment is greater than in all the rest put together.

At page 156, there is a table showing the proportion per cent of attendance at sittings; which is remarkable in many respects. The highest in

the list does not show a proportion of more than 45 per cent of actual attendance to the total number of sittings provided in places of public worship belonging to one sect; the lowest on the list shows that in one sect the proportion is only 8 per cent. The highest figures apply to the *Wesleyan Reformers*; the next sect who distinguish their zeal by the assiduity of attendance are the Particular Baptists; the original Wesleyans stand much lower; the Church of England is sixteenth in the list, and only exhibits a proportion of 33 per cent; the lowest but one in the list are the Jews, who like the Unitarians show a proportion of 24 per cent; the lowest of all is the Society of Friends. The Dissenters appear to attend oftener and to bestow longer time on religious worship than members of the Established Church. In the unwendowed sects, therefore, more use appears to be made of the places for public worship than in the Establishment. Mr. Mann carefully distinguishes those who might attend, from those who would be prevented by infancy, sickness, or engagement with inevitable duties; and he calculates that the total number of the population able to attend church is 10,398,000, or 58 per cent on the entire population of England. Of those, however, who might attend, by every test of age, of personal freedom, and of access to sittings, but stop away altogether, it is calculated that the number is 5,288,294. This last is a great fact, and it is the subject of earnest inquiry.

One reason for non-attendance is the defective distribution of church accommodation. In 34,467 churches, 10,212,563 sittings are provided—nearly the total wanted; but ill-apportioned distribution reduces the total number available to 8,753,279; and a number of these are again rendered unavailable by being in churches which are closed at some portion of the day when services are usually held. The large town districts are particularly deficient in church accommodation compared to the growth of the population; and Mr. Mann calculates that 2,000 more churches and chapels would be required—the size in towns to be larger than the average. Recently, however, there has been an increase; by no means, indeed, sufficient to meet the want, but still tending to improvement: while the people have multiplied by 29 per cent since 1831, the sittings have increased by 56 per cent; the number of sittings have increased from 50 per hundred persons in 1831 to 57 per hundred persons in 1851.

The five millions, however, consist of persons who are free to attend, who could have access to sittings, but who choose to stay away. The reasons appear to be partly the maintenance in church of those social distinctions which offend the humbler classes; also misconception, Mr. Mann thinks, as to the motives of religious ministers, who are erroneously supposed to be intent too much upon their own personal interests; and the want of aggressive means for carrying church accommodation and religious preaching to the poor. It is probable that new chapels would be attended in towns where the old churches never will increase the numbers of their congregations; but it is to be feared that there are also causes

which do not come properly within the scope of Mr. Mann's inquiry. Besides want of sufficient zeal for the comfort of the poor, with which he charges the leaders of religious movements, there must also be a want of power in the clergy — perhaps a want of zeal, or a want of that sympathy with the human heart which would enable them to compel not only attendance but attention. If the inquiry were carried into the churches amongst the actual attendants, how much light might be thrown upon this part of the question, by taking the statistics of the wandering eyes, of the trivial conduct; or, on the other hand, if the inquiry were pushed into the pulpit, how many a mechanical sermon in the upper class of churches, how many a low and vulgar tirade of superstitious denunciation amongst the lower Dissenting chapels, alienates rather than attaches the congregation! There is a repulsion both in the turgid vulgarity and in the apathy of the pulpit, which casts indifference over many a heart that duty brings to a place of worship, while the same revulsion keeps out considerable numbers. The working classes have all the simplicity of women; they judge doctrinal questions by very instinctive standards; and it is not only ignorance, or class prejudice, or bad clothing, which prevents many of them from entering a place of worship.

There is one consolatory fact involved in this survey, which is complete not only in its extent but in its retrospective research. The volume grasps in one view a history of religion in England, from the early days of Druidism to the invasion of Paganism, Roman and Saxon; the introduction of Christianity, the establishment of a national church under Henry the Eighth, down

to the branching of the Protestant Reformation into the innumerable sects that exist around us. The reporter tells us not only what are the sects, but how each arose, and what is its tendency. But by the standards of faith, — from the Articles of the Church of England, which are included in the volume to the declaration of the Congregational churches and other principal Dissenting bodies, down to the new "Catholic and Apostolic Church," — Mr. Mann shows that the differences consist far more in ideas of church constitution or discipline than in the essentials of Christianity. The subdivision appears to be accompanied by another tendency, which has advanced us by rapid stages towards a social and spiritual harmony between sects severed by constitution and discipline. This result Mr. Mann attributes partly to the perfect freedom in this country which admits the full development of religious ideas. The explanation is quite philosophical; for religion must essentially be one in origin, and there is but little structural variety throughout every sect in its true tabernacle, the human heart. The balance of opportunity, place, power, and prescription — lies with the Church of England; the balance of zeal, at present, speaking generally, is with the unwendowed bodies. But while this report shows how much remains to be done, even by the communities possessing that zeal, and by the Establishment possessing that opportunity, it also shows that the apparent antagonisms do not penetrate to essentials so deeply as we supposed, and that there is a dawning tendency in the English mind towards the more modest and candid cultivation of a common Christianity.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## THE PAST.

By MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

Il Passato é passato, e per sempre!"—AZELIO.

THE Past is past! with many a hopeful morrow;  
Its errors and its good works live with God;  
The agony is o'er of joy, or sorrow;  
The flowers lie dead along the path we trod.

The Past is past! in solemn silence taking  
Alike the sunny and the rainy day,  
On the live altar of the fond heart breaking  
Full many an idol built on feet of clay.

The Past is past! in certain still rotation,  
Deadening and loosening, as it travelled by,  
Each hope that bounds in glad anticipation,  
Each vivid passion and each tender tie!

The Past is past! and our young selves departed  
Upon the flashing whirl of those fleet years;  
Its lessons leave us sadder, stronger hearted,  
More slow to love, less prodigal of tears.

The Past is past! and knowledge taught suspicion  
To dim the spirit with its foul, cold shrine;  
For many a base and dark thing finds admission  
Amid the wisdom learnt from life and time.

The Past is past! and in that twilight valley  
Dwell slow repentance and the vain regret;  
Fears for the future from those shadows sally,  
And hang around the path before us yet.  
The Past is past! and ah! how few deplore it,  
Or would re-live their time had they the  
power;  
Though Nature, sometimes, weakly weepeth o'er  
it  
At memory of some wrong or happier hour.

The Past is past! There's bitter joy in know-  
ing  
'Tis gone for ever; dead, and buried deep,  
It lies behind, and on life's stream is flowing,  
Where the dark waters of the Dead Sea sleep.

The Past is past! in faith and patience taking  
Its lessons, let us lay them on our hearts;  
The chain's attenuated links are breaking!  
Be earnest! — use the present ere it parts! —

From Chambers's Journal.

# FEMALE BEAUTY IN OLD ENGLAND AND NEW ENGLAND.

It is generally allowed that there is more of what is called chiseled beauty in America than in Europe — that the features of the women are finer, and the head more classical. But here ends the triumph of our sisters of the West; their busts are far inferior to those we admire at home, and a certain attenuation in the whole figure gives the idea of fragility and decay.

And this idea is correct. What they want is soundness of constitution; and in consequence of the want, their finely-cut faces, taken generally, are pale instead of fair, and sallow when they should be rosy. In this country, a woman is in the prime of her attractions at thirty-five, and she frequently remains almost stationary till fifty, or else declines gradually and gracefully, like a beautiful day melting into a lovely evening. In America, twenty-five is the farewell line of beauty in woman, beyond which comes decay; at thirty-five, she looks weary and worn, her flat chest symbolizing the collapsed heart within; and at forty, you see in her thin and haggard features all the marks of premature age.

It is customary to regard this as the effect of climate; but some think it folly to go to an ultimate cause, when the whole system of artificial life in America offers direct defiance, as they assert, to the known hygienic laws. This view is supported with great intrepidity by a woman's journal in Providence, called the *Una* — not a *Lady's Magazine*, fair reader, but a regular broadsheet, written by and for women, whose leading articles are on women's rights, and whose advertisements are from women-doctors, women-professors, women-lecturers, women everything. *Una* admits the fleeting character of her countrywomen's charms, and contrasts more especially Old England with New England, yielding frankly the *pas* in beauty to the former. She hints, we must own, at some very problematical causes of the early loss of female charms in America — such as, "the bounding of life's horizon by the petty cares that wait on meat, drink, and raiment; the absence of genial and improving intercourse, and of earnest interest in the hopes and fortunes of the race; and the little rivalries and little aspirations on which, for lack of better objects, so many a soul is fain to waste its energies." All this is very well for the philosophic *Una*, who pays her taxes under protest, since she had no voice in laying them on; but the implied notion, that our pretty countrywomen have no petty cares connected with their food, no little rivalries and little aspirations, but plenty of earnest interest in the destinies of the race — is very complimentary. After flourishing a little, however, about these grievances, which, we fear, are not wholly unknown to our English beauties, she proceeds to the main point. "What," she asks, "is the diet of New England generally? Hot biscuits, fat pork, and tea! these are the staples. They are varied with preserves, made pound for pound, and endless varieties of cake, and the inevitable pie. Pastry, which most children in England are not allowed to touch until they get

their long frocks or tailed coats on, is here the every-day food of young and old. Salt-pork is cheap — that is, greasy fulsome makes it fall sooner on the appetite than any other meat, and so it forms the *pièce de résistance* at almost all tables, except those who live within hail of a butcher, and whose owners are well to do in the world. Tea is the grand panacea for all fatigue, low spirits, dampness, coldness, pains in the head and in the back, and, in short, for nearly all the ills that flesh is heir to; the quantity taken by middle aged and elderly women almost surpasses belief. Certainly, to put the average at six or eight cups a-day would be setting it low enough."

What mere human beauty could stand these horrors? Fancy Miss Angelina, dressed for her first ball, and sitting down, before she goes forth conquering and to conquer, to keep up the stamina with just a little snack of fat pork, gooseberry-jam, and pumpkin-pie! Is it any wonder that this young lady should wither at twenty-five? Yet fat pork has its advocates. Cobbett was delighted with the fondness of the Americans for "extreme unction," and on his return to this country, did everything in his power to force the greasy dish upon the English palate, affirming that a dislike to fat pork was a decided symptom of *insanity*. We may allude, likewise, to the important part played by hogs' lard in the composition of cosmetics. The thousand-and-one kinds of paste and pomatum for the skin and hair are all of this substance, only differing a little in the color and perfume; and in nineteen cases out of twenty, hogs' lard is bears' grease. Why should a substance improve beauty when absorbed by the skin, and destroy it when taken into the stomach? This is a question we leave to be settled between *Una* and the chemists.

Another cause of the unhappy condition of female beauty in America is stated, by the outspoken *Una*, to be — the dirtiness of the fair sex. This is dreadful. Not one woman in ten, she asserts, permits cold water to touch her whole person every day, and not one in five performs the same ablution once a week; "while, if the truth could at once be flashed forth from its hiding-place, it would show still longer intervals, from the bare thought of which imagination shrinks." We do not know what is the case, in this respect, as regards the majority of our own countrywomen; and, to say the truth, we are afraid to ask.

The wrath of *Una* falls next upon the sleeping accommodation. "Three-quarters of New England," she tells us, "sleep in slightly-enlarged coffins;" and, in our opinion, a capital plan it is, for, if the fourth quarter were stowed with the rest, the public might as well be in their graves at once. These coffins are called bed-rooms, for no other reason than that they are large enough to hold a bed, a light-stand, and a wash-stand; and "they are often rendered redolent of sweetness by thickets of coats, pantaloons, dresses, and petticoats hung on the walls." This is so faithful a sketch of the bed-rooms of the middle-class Londoners, that one might fancy *Una* to be speaking, by mistake, on the wrong side of the question, till we hear that the dens described are "purified by the perfumes of the adjoining kitchen.

and the dead, dry heat of its red-hot stove. Here "pa, ma, and the baby," with now and then a brace of small fry in a "trundle-bed," seethe and swelter through the winter nights, and fit themselves admirably for facing the nor'wester in the morning. Here, when one of the family is sick, he is pretty sure to die; because a fever almost inevitably takes the typhoid form from the fetid atmosphere around, and the struggling currents of health are sent stagnating back to the heart and lungs."

Up to this point, Una makes out no case specially against her countrywomen; and if the argument ended here, we should have to bring in Nature guilty of what is laid to the charge of the American women. But now, at the very fag-end of the discourse, comes the whole gist of the matter, and we see why it is that English women are superior in freshness of looks, and in their duration of beauty, not only to their transatlantic sisters, but to the women of most of the countries of Europe. "All day long in winter," says Una, "the stove-heat burns into the brain, and withers the cheeks, and palsies the muscles, and enfeebles the step; and though summer comes with its outer air and its fruits and flowers, the loads it is asked to remove are too much for it, and the years circle round, the weary, aimless, soul-consuming years; and the bad diet, and the uncleanly habits, and the foul air, and the hot stove have done their miserable work. Beauty is gone,

health is vanished, hope has set, and the young mother, who should be just beginning to shed beauty and goodness and light around her, has shrunk mournfully into the forlorn and wrinkled and unlovely old woman. When will our countrywomen awake and ponder the things that concern their peace?"

The stove, in fact, including the foot-stove or *chaufferette*, is the great enemy to beauty throughout the world. Wherever this is used, there is no such thing seen in the women as middle age; all are either young and pretty—if nature has bestowed charms—or old and ugly. The blooming middle age of the English women is the grand distinctive feature of our island; and it is owing neither to the absence of fat pork in their diet, nor to the presence, in their feelings, of earnest interest in the destinies of mankind, but simply to their inhaling a pretty considerable quantity of fresh air, both in summer and winter. Not that they imbibe enough: far from it. Their sleeping arrangements and their ablutions are both very imperfect, we know; but it may be a question, whether their negligence in these respects, though hurtful to themselves, is not advantageous to us of the ruder sex. Things are bad enough with us as they are; but if English women "awoke and pondered the things that concerned their peace"—what would become of the peace of the men?

ASPIRING TO BE A MEMBER.—Mr. Jerdan in the concluding volume of his "Autobiography," among many old stories, gives a novel and somewhat amusing anecdote of his attempt to become a Member of Parliament in 1831. He was selected as the Government candidate for Weymouth, he states; and having had some property assigned to him for the nonce by a friend, kept himself in hourly readiness to start at the word of command, "a chaise and post" being kept "always ready at Fulham Bridge Livery-Stables." Unfortunately for the ambitious journalist, he told his secret to the *Times*, and the result was a complete failure of the scheme. Just as he was about to drive off from Fulham Bridge Livery-Stables to canvass the Weymouth electors, he addressed a letter to Mr. Barnes, requesting "such assistance as he could conscientiously extend." "Alas!" says Mr. Jerdan, "my confidence was sadly abused. Whether it was owing to the fierce heat of the Reform question, in which the paper took so strenuous an interest, or some overriding reason, I never could ascertain; but the next morning after receiving the information from my letter, there appeared one of the stinging leaders of the *Times*, in which any pretensions of merely 'literary men' to be returned to the new Parliament were deprecated in the strongest terms, and Ministers were menaced with popular odium if they dared to countenance such preposterous doings. I was hoist with my own petard. Like poor betrayed Samson, my secret was ploughed out through the means of my own beaver. On calling as usual, I found

Mr. Ellis with a long face, and, to cut the story short, he did not at this stormy and trying era relish a quarrel with the *Times*. A peace was patched up with Mr. Buxton, my post-chaise was counter-ordered, and after lots of conferences and conversations, I ceased to be even a still-born candidate for the borough of Weymouth. Barnes and I met afterwards, without alluding to the sore subject; but his able and honorable colleague, James Murray, wrote me a long letter, expressive of great regret for what had been done."—*Jerdan's Autobiography*.

#### A FAREWELL.

##### FOR A SWEDISH AIR.

Look in my face, dear,  
Openly and free:  
Hold out your hand, dear,  
Have no fear for me!  
Thus as friends old loves should part,  
Each one with a quiet heart—  
O my Mary—my lost Mary,  
Say farewell—and go!

Never to meet more,  
While day follows day:  
Never to kiss more,  
Till our lips are clay.  
Angry hearts grieve loud awhile;  
Broken hearts are dumb—or smile.  
O my Mary—my lost Mary,  
Say farewell—and go!

*Chambers's Journal.*

From *The Economist*, 14 Jan.

## THE AUSTRALIAN EXPEDITION.

## DISCOVERY A DUTY NO LONGER TO BE POSTPONED.

OUR able and respected weekly contemporary, (the *Spectator*) asks an important question upon an important subject;—"Where is the Australian Expedition?" The position of the continent of New Holland in relation to the "mother-country" is one of those strange anomalies which sometimes occur in the management of the affairs of a great Empire, which the greatest ingenuity finds it impossible to explain or to solve. It is now a long period even in the history of a country since we first claimed sovereignty over the whole of its surface, and around the whole of its shores. True it is that for many years we regarded those possessions at the moment, whatever dreams were entertained as to the future, as mere convenient penal settlements, into which we could "shovel" our convicts, and at so remote a distance that there was but little chance of their ever troubling society again at home. Botany Bay and Norfolk Island conveyed no attraction to British sympathies or British enterprise. But it is at least thirty years since those words were becoming obsolete: now they are entirely forgotten, and in their place the public mind is filled with associations of the most thriving colonies recorded in history—with Sydney, Victoria, South Australia, West Australia, and the island of Van Dieman's Land. Putting aside altogether the recent gold discoveries, it is about thirty years since it became apparent that our possessions in that quarter were likely to grow into the greatest importance, not only as a favorable place for the settlement of our surplus population, but also as a source from whence we could derive some of the most valuable raw materials required for our trade. From about that time, every year has added to this conviction; and every year has furnished fresh proofs how well it was founded. The extent to which the Australian colonies, have been used for emigration is familiar to all. The names of places in those remote colonies have become household words in the humblest dwellings, and are better known than neighboring counties at home. As a source of supply of the raw material for a skilled industry of this country, second only in its extent and importance to the cotton manufacture, the value of the Australian colonies, though less known, is scarcely inferior. As a steady industry it would be difficult to find a parallel in the history of trade, to the progress wool-growing in those colonies. The first exportation of wool, which was received here as a curiosity, took place about the year 1812 or 1813. But even in 1813, so slight was the progress it had made, that the whole produce of the colonies was lost in a single ship burned at sea. In the Parliamentary returns the imports for that year are *nil*. In 1824 the entire imports of foreign wool amounted in the whole to upwards of 30,000,000 lbs., but of which only about 350,000 lbs. were of Australian production. From that time a rapid and steady progress has been made, until at last, in 1853, the imports of

Australian wool have exceeded 50,000,000 lbs.; while our entire imports of foreign wool in 1820, when so much apprehension existed as to the effect of foreign competition, were only 9,000,000 lbs. Those only who are best acquainted with the woollen manufactures of this country can estimate the importance of these supplies from Australia.

The marvellous development of these colonies since the discovery of the gold-fields, the flood of emigration, the increase of our exports and of our shipping, the millions of gold received in return, are all too familiar to the public to be here insisted upon, as adding to their present importance.

Notwithstanding all these considerations, to this day, what do we know of this new British continent, extending forty degrees from east to west, and thirty degrees from north to south? We claim every inch of its coast, every acre of its surface. We have planted with British population colonies which extend along a very insignificant portion of the coast, and cover a mere mite of the land. The whole of the remainder of the coast even has not been explored:—and of the rest of the country, the interior of this vast and important possession, to this day we know literally nothing. Is the centre a great lake, or is it a great desert? Both theories have been entertained. Or is it a rich, undulating, well-watered and well-wooded country, possessing the most valuable minerals and capable of the most perfect cultivation? Why not? There are in various parts of the coast rivers of great magnitude falling into the sea. The Victoria river on the north-west coast has been navigated for seventy miles from its mouth by a Government frigate. The Albert River, running into the Bay of Carpentaria, has also been penetrated to the extent of fifty or sixty miles. But what lies beyond those points or what between those great streams no one has the slightest notion. What is known however, offers great hope of what is beyond. If the mere calling of Imperial duty had not suggested the necessity of exploring so interesting a possession of the Crown, how is it that scientific curiosity or geographical research has never proved sufficient for the purpose? Expeditions, aided by large sums from the Government, have been sent into Central Africa—public money, public ships, and the lives of public servants have been squandered with the most unsparing hand on the discovery of a north-west passage to India, which, however much curious interest it might possess in a geographical and scientific view, has, all along, been admitted to be of no practical importance; but at the same time literally nothing has been done by the Government to penetrate and discover the interior of Australia, from which the most immediate and practical results might be expected.

At length an expedition has been proposed. It appears that the Royal Geographical Society, true to its functions, and desirous of producing fruits beyond mere curious discussions at periodical meetings, laid before the Duke of Newcastle, about four months ago, a scheme for at least a beginning, and sought the assistance of the Government to the extent of a grant of 2,500l to aid

the object. Able and zealous volunteers to undertake the work were soon found. The Duke of Newcastle was quick to appreciate not only the public advantage which might be derived from such an expedition, but also the public duty which devolved upon him as the minister immediately responsible for our Colonial Empire, to encourage so important an undertaking. The Treasury was prompt in according the means required, with but one condition, that it should be satisfactorily shown that the means at hand were adequate to the work to be done. Further consideration has induced the Royal Geographical Society to increase the demand for assistance to 3,500*l*. This last proposal has recently been laid before the Government, and there is no reason to believe that a proposal so readily embraced at first on high Imperial considerations, will be allowed to fall to the ground for the want of any reasonable assistance that may be necessary.

But at this stage, we cannot help thinking there are questions in connection with this undertaking well worthy of the consideration of all parties—The Government, the Royal Geographical Society, and the public. The first of these is, the adequacy of the proposed exploration to the great objects which it is desirable to attain; and the next is, the adequacy of the means to be used. The proposal of the Royal Geographical Society is one the utility of which cannot be disputed as far as it goes. It is proposed to prosecute a passage up the Victoria River beyond the point already reached, in the expectation that the exploring party would fall in with the head waters of the Albert River, which they would descend into the Gulf of Carpentaria, and which would thus put us in possession of some knowledge of the country which lies behind the colony of North Australia. As a small section of the whole work to be done, we readily admit

the importance of this proposal. But as the main feature of any scheme to be deliberately undertaken, it appears most inadequate and unworthy of the necessities of the case. What is obviously required, and what it will not be creditable to us as a country if we longer postpone, is, first, that the remainder of the coast should be thoroughly explored; and next, that the interior of the country should be known, which can only be thoroughly done by forcing a way right across the country from one shore to the other:—from the Victoria River on the north-west coast across to Sidney, and from the Gulf of Carpentaria to South Australia;—the nearest points being about 2,000 miles in the former direction and about 1,000 miles in the latter. How these objects are best to be attained must be matter for grave consideration; but anything less will obviously fall short of the requirements of the case. But whatever is done, we would earnestly deprecate any hasty, ill-digested and insufficient effort. Numerous private efforts have been made to get into the interior, but they have all failed from insufficient force. More men, more money, more appliances of all kinds were wanting: and for want of enough, all that was expended in every way was merely wasted. In cases of this kind, true economy is to measure the means by the end. Inadequacy in any respect must be failure. The task is one far too large, and the results too important, to be undertaken on anything short of the responsibility of the Government. The Royal Geographical Society can cooperate with the greatest possible advantage; but it is clear that the administration of funds so large as will be required, and the whole responsibility of an organization of sufficient strength to secure the success of so great an enterprise, must rest upon the Government.

**LADY WELLESLEY.**—Of this lady, whose death is recorded in the obituary for the past week, Moore has a notice in his *Diary*. "Lady Wellesley becomes her station admirably. Lord Lansdowne had already told me how well she went through her presentation. He had a good deal of talk with her, and she spoke of her pride in being an American; recollected being taken when a child to see the place where her grandfather burned the tobacco rather than let it fall into the hands of the English; and remembers and values this more than she would the proudest heraldry."

**JAGUAR STEAKS AND GASTRONOMIC REFLECTIONS.**—Several of the Negroes were sent hunting; and wild ducks of various species, deer, armadillos, and fish, with beef and mutton, gave us plenty for our table. Several jaguars were killed, as Mr. C. pays about eight shillings each for their skins: one day we had some steaks at the table, and found the meat very white, and without any bad taste. It appears evident to me that the common idea of the food of an animal

determining the quality of its meat is quite erroneous. Domestic poultry and pigs are the most unclean animals in their food, yet their flesh is most highly esteemed; while rats and squirrels are in general disrepute. Carnivorous fish are not less delicate eating than herbivorous ones; and there appears no reason why some carnivorous animals should not furnish wholesome and palatable food. Venison, so highly esteemed at home, is here the most dry and tasteless meat that can be had, as it must be cooked within twelve hours after it is killed. —*Wallace's Amazon and Rio Negro.*

Miss Cary has just published a book of poems, among which is the following parody on Longfellow:—

"Tell me not in idle jingle,  
Marriage is an empty dream,  
For the girl is dead that's single,  
And things are not what they seem.  
Married life is real earnest,  
Single blessedness a fib;  
Taken from man, to man returnest,  
Has been spoken of the rib.

From Chambers's Journal.

### FLORENCE MAY—A LOVE STORY.

THE golden light of evening dazzled the eyes of a young girl who stood upon a stile, watching for the arrival of the London coach.

It was about a hundred miles from London—no matter in what direction—at the bottom of a green valley, down the western slope of which the road came winding here and there, concealed by trees. A well-beaten path led to the village a few fields distant, embowered in orchards, and leaning, as it were, against the massive oaks and elms of a park, that shut in the view in that direction. The square steeple-tower of the old church scarcely overtopped this background of leaves.

Florence May was waiting for her mother, who had been absent some weeks in London, and who had been compelled to leave her all alone in their humble cottage—all alone, unless her rectitude and her sense of duty may be counted as companions.

They were poor, humble people. Mrs. May was the widow of a country curate, who had died, leaving, as curates sometimes do not, a slight provision for his family. It was like a Providence. Having fought the fight of life nearly out on L.50 or L.60 a year, some distant relation, whom they had never seen and scarcely ever heard of, put the curate in his will for L.1000. This sum, invested, was sufficient to support both mother and daughter in that out of the way place.

A letter had arrived, when Mrs. May had been a widow for three years, requesting her to come up to London, to hear of "something to her advantage." This was vague enough; but she resolved to comply; and not being able to afford the expense of a double journey, had left her daughter, then about seventeen, under the guardianship of the neighbors, her own character, and a mother's prayers.

She has been absent more than a week. What has happened in the meantime? Why does Florence wait with more than the impatience of filial affection—with a countenance in which smiling lips and tearful eyes tell of a struggle between joy and sadness? She is troubled with the burden of her first secret—a secret which she nurses with uneasy delight, and which she is anxious to pour into the ears of her only confidante—her mother. How many maidens of seventeen are still in this dream of innocence?

The sun had set before the roll of wheels came sounding down the valley; and when the coach began to descend, nothing could be distinguished but the lights that glanced occasionally behind the trees. The time seemed prodigiously long to Florence. She even once thought that some fantastical, ghostly coachman was driving a phantom vehicle to and fro on the hillside to mock her. Young people in her state of mind would annihilate time and space. However, here it comes, the *Tally-ho*, sweeping round the last corner—lights glancing—horses tossing their heads and steaming—a pyramid of luggage swaying to and fro. "That's a gal's voice as screamed," said a man to the Whip as they

passed. "Full, inside and out!" was the reply, and on went the *Tally-ho* along the level lap of the valley.

"She is not come," murmured Florence, after waiting in vain some time, to see if the coach would stop lower down; but it pursued its inexorable course, and the young girl returned by the dim path to her cottage on the outskirts of the village.

That was a critical period in her life. For some days after her mother's departure, she had spent her time either at her needle, or with one or two old neighbors, who wearied her with their gossip. To escape from the sense of monotony, she had wandered one morning into the fields, as it was indeed her custom from time to time to do; and there, with the scent of wild-flowers and new-mown hay around, she allowed her mind to be ruffled by those thoughts and feelings which at that age breathe upon us from I know not what region—sparkling and innocent stirrings, that scarcely typify the billowy agitation of succeeding years.

Across the meadows that occupy the lowest portion of that valley, meanders a stream, over which the willows hang their whip-like branches and slender leaves. Near its margin, Florence used often to sit with her work; first diligently attended to, then dropped occasionally on her lap, that she might watch the little fish that flitted like shadows to and fro in the shallow current; then utterly forgotten, as she herself went wafting down the stream of the future, that widened as she went, and flowed, at her unconscious will, through scenes more magical than those of fairyland. The schoolmen have sought for the place of Paradise—did they peep into a young heart that is waiting, without knowing it, to love?

It was during her first walk since her mother's absence, that a stranger came slowly down the opposite bank of the stream; and seeing this lovely young girl entranced in a reverie, paused to gaze at her. His glance at first was cold and critical, like that of a man who has trodden many lands, and has seen more such visions than one under trees in lonely places—visions that, when neared and grasped at, hardened into reality, vulgar and bucolic. In a little time, however, the brow of this stranger unbent, and his lip uncurred; and there came a strange fear to his heart, that what he saw of grace and beauty beneath that archway of willow-boughs, was a mere optical illusion—a phantasm painted on the exhalations of the meadow by the sun's beams. There is a certain pride in disappointed natures, which makes them believe that all the loveliness of the outer world is of their own imagining, as if we could imagine more perfect things than God has imagined and thrown on this canvas of the universe.

The man was of the south by travel, if not by birth, and muttered some "Santa Vergines!" more in surprise than devotion. He did not move or speak to attract the young girl's attention, but waited until her eyes, which he saw were restless, should chance to fall upon him. Her start of alarm, when she found herself to be not alone, was repressed by the grave politeness of his bow.

"Young lady," he said, in a low musical voice when he had leaped the stream and stood by her side, "I am on my way to Melvyn Park. Perhaps I may learn from you in what direction to turn."

"The roof of the mansion shows above the trees," replied she, rising and stretching out her pretty hand.

"I might have guessed so," said the stranger, whose accent was but slightly foreign; "and this is but a bad excuse for speaking to you. It is more frank to say, that I was surprised at seeing so much beauty and grace buried in this sequestered valley, and could not pass on without learning who you may be."

Flattery flies to the heart as swiftly as electricity along the wire. The maiden blushed, and drew off but slightly. "Florence May," said she, "is known to the whole valley, and will not be made sport of nor molested without finding defenders."

Was this affected fear a cunning device for telling her name without seeming to answer an unauthorized question?

"Child," replied the stranger, who perhaps took this view of the matter, for he smiled, though kindly, "you may count on me as one of the defenders. For the present, let me thank you, and say farewell."

With these words, and a somewhat formal bow, he turned and went across the fields, leaving Florence bewildered, almost breathless, with surprise and excitement, and, to confess the truth, not a little piqued that her ruse, if ruse it was, had brought the dialogue to so abrupt a termination. She had no wish to parley with strangers. Her mother had expressly warned her not to do so. What a famous opportunity thrown away to exhibit the rigidity of her sense of duty! Indeed, there had been so little merit on her part, that the stranger, if he had rightly read her countenance, might pretend that the forbearance had been all on his side. Of course, she would have gained the victory in the end; but how much more dramatic if her prudence had been put to a severer test!

These were not exactly her thoughts, but the translation of them. She followed the retiring figure of the stranger, as he kept by the path along the willows; and slightly bit her lip. Then suddenly, as if remembering that the singleness of mind which her attitude expressed was more beautiful than becoming—what an odious euphemism is that word for heartless acting—she turned with something like a flout, and sat down again, with her face averted from the now distant stranger—averted only a moment; for soon her attitude would have reminded a sculptor of that exquisite group in which the girl turns to bill the dove that has fluttered down on her shoulder.

Now, take it not as an article of faith that Florence had "fallen in love," as the saying is, with that tall handsome stranger with the black eyes and sun-painted complexion. We would have you more careful in the construction of your credo than that. But, at any rate, an impression had been produced: this was to be expected. When a man falls into the water, he may not be drowned, but is sure to be wet. Florence had

never seen any members of that category of "lovable persons," which is of so little political and so much social importance, except two or three six-foot farmers, and the Rev. Mr. Simmer, their pale-faced, sandy-whiskered young bachelor vicar of fifty. Should we be astonished then, that after her first agitation had subsided, there remained something more than memory of the compliment which had fallen from the lips and been ratified by the eyes of that distinguished-looking stranger?

Need it be said, moreover, that whilst she remained by the margin of the stream, and during her sauntering walk home, and all the evening, she thought of little else save this very simple meeting. As to her dreams we shall not inquire into them; but the moonbeams tell us that they shone all night between the ivy leaves upon a smile as sweet and self-satisfied as ever lived on the lips of a maiden on her wedding-eve.

Next day it was rumored in the village that a foreign painter had come to occupy one of the wings of Melvyn House, by permission of the family, which had remained many years abroad. His name was simply Angelo; and a mighty fine gentleman he was. One could not guess, to look at him, that he had ever lived on frogs; or was "obligated to hexpress hisself in a barbarious lingo," as the landlady of the Jolly Boys' Inn phrased it.

Florence was proud to say casually, to some old spectacled lady—who observed "indeed she never," and told her neighbor that "Miss May seemed very forward"—that she had held a minute's conversation with this said painter. We take this as a proof that she was only dazzled by him; and that she had not really experienced one pang of love. So much the better. We must not bestow the only treasures of our hearts on the first interesting person we may happen to meet under a willow-hedge.

And yet there she is at her place again, thinking of yesterday's meeting; and—by the bow of Eros!—there is he, too, wandering accidentally in the same direction with his sketch-book under his arm. We had no business to be eaves-dropping; but "a concealed fault is half pardoned." We were invisible, and heard every word they said. It should all be set down here, but it was dreadful nonsense, at least what he said; for she, partly in coquetry perhaps, and partly in pride and prudence, intrenched herself behind the rampart of her maiden modesty, and answered only—by listening.

The young man was in a state of temporary insanity; at least, if one might believe in his words. Like all lovers, he professed to have skill in physiognomy. He asked no information about Florence, did not care who she was or where she came from: all he wanted to know was whether she was free. He spoke eloquently and with sufficient respect. The young girl more than once felt her heart melt; and it was a great exertion for her at length to reply, that her mother was away, and that she could not listen to another word without her knowledge and sanction.

She did listen, however, for he went on talking interminably. According to his account, he was an artist who had studied many years at

Rome; but he did not say whether he was of English origin or not, and, of course, Florence could not ask the question. This would have been to avow a stronger interest in him than consisted with her views. We should have liked her better, perhaps, had she been more frank and artless. Yet, after all, her conduct was not at this time an image of her character, but arose from a struggle between her own simplicity and her recollection of her mother's warnings.

It is needless to say that, after many hesitations, she now invariably went every day to her accustomed seat. This might be interpreted into giving a rendezvous; but she had a prescriptive right to the place, and why should she be driven from it by an intrusive impertinent stranger? Impertinent! nay, not so; nothing could be more reserved and respectful than his demeanor; and if he was really in earnest, and if he turned out to be a respectable man, why — perhaps it would be a matter of duty in her not to repulse his advances. Matrimony was indeed, they had told her, an awful responsibility; but if, by undergoing it, she could raise her mother to a more comfortable position, would it not be her duty to make the sacrifice?

Matters went on in this way for several days, and Florence began to wait impatiently for the arrival of her mother, to whom she might relate all that had passed. Angelo, accustomed, perhaps, to more easy conquests, was irritated by her cold caution, not knowing that hers was the hypocrisy of duty. He once even went so far as to say, that he blamed himself for wasting time with a calculating village coquette, and, rising, departed with a formal salute. Florence's bosom heaved with emotion, tears started to her eyes, her lips trembled, and she was on the point of perilling all her prospects by calling him back. But by a prodigious effort of will, she restrained herself, and kept her eyes firmly fixed on the ground until the sound of his steps had died away.

"No," said she, rising, "I am not to be so lightly won. These days have given me experience. He is certainly captivating in manners, but sometimes I think that one moment of weakness on my part" — And she thought of the fate of Lucy Lightfoot, who had been left to wear the willow, after saying "Yes" too soon.

In the afternoon a letter came announcing her mother's arrival for that very day; and it was in the excitement that followed this little misunderstanding that she waited for the arrival of the coach. She wanted an adviser sadly. Should she, after what had passed, return next day to the meadow, or should she remain at home in melancholy loneliness? The question was more important than even she imagined; for we will not undertake to say, despite Mr. Angelo's lofty sentiments, that his faith was as strong as he professed. Might he not have wished to test the virtue of this beautiful girl, whom he had found, as it were, by the wayside? Men of the world are not averse to these trials; and if their unfortunate victim fall, they go away on the voyage of life, leaving her to repent in tears, and hugging themselves with the idea that they have not been "taken in." They forget that the most fervent

Christian does not venture to ask for strength to resist temptation, but only to be kept from it; and that every one of us perhaps would be caught, if the Evil Angler knew what bait to put on his hook.

Florence had just placed her hand on the latch of the door, when she saw a figure come out from a deep mass of shadow close by, and softly approach her. It was Angelo. She screamed slightly, but so slightly that even he scarcely heard. "Do not be alarmed, Miss May," he said; "I came here in hopes to meet you as you entered. I could not have slept to-night without asking your forgiveness for the rude manner in which I left you, and for my unauthorized accusations. Do say that you are no longer angry."

"Of course — of course; I have no right to be angry. But, for Heaven's sake, sir, retire: I must not be seen by the neighbors talking to a stranger at this hour."

"There is no one in the street, and I will not detain you a minute. Cannot you find in your heart to give me one word of hope, one look of encouragement? I am bewildered, maddened by your cold indifference."

"You have no right, Mr. Angelo, to call me cold or indifferent; I have blamed myself for my too great simplicity. My mother will be back to-morrow; I will tell her what has happened; and — and — But I must go in."

"This gives me hope," cried he; "I ask no more. Florence — dear Florence!"

He took her hand, and kissed it once and again, although she almost struggled to get it away. The strong passion of that man seemed to pass through her like an electric shock; and wonderful emotions came trooping to her heart. Suddenly, however, she broke away, and, as if fearing her own weakness, glided into the house without a word, and locked, and bolted, and barred the door in a manner so desperately energetic, that even Angelo, who stood foolishly on the outside, could not help smiling.

"She will come to the meadow to-morrow," said he, rather contemptuously, as if surprised and annoyed at his own success that evening.

But Florence did not come. With the intuitive perception with which modesty supplies woman, she felt that the stranger had pushed his experiments on her character too far. The following day was spent at home in indignant self-examination. What had she done to provoke that freedom, and authorize what seemed something like insult? Conscious of innocence, she proudly answered: "Nothing." But, ah! Florence, were not those tacit rendezvous a fault?

Mrs. May arrived in the evening with a whole budget of news and complaints. Small was the mercy by her vouchsafed to the modern Babylon: a den of thieves was nothing to it. The "something to her advantage" was a proposal to invest her money in a concern that would return fifty per cent. She had expressed herself "much obliged" to her correspondent; adding, however, that "some people would consider him a swindler, indeed she supposed he was. Perhaps he would object to pay the expense he had put her to. Of course. Dishonest persons were never inclined to pay. She wished him good-

morning, and hoped he would repent before he arrived at Botany Bay." Having detailed these and many other brave things which she recollected to have said, good Mrs. May began to pay attention to her tea, and allowed Florence to relate all that she had said, done, thought, and felt during the time of her mother's absence.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mrs. May at length, setting down her tea-cup, "I do not wonder the house looks rather untidy. You have been doing nothing else but making love ever since my back was turned. There's proper conduct for a clergyman's daughter!"

Florence expressed her regret as well as she could, and in trying to excuse herself, was compelled to dilate considerably on the fine qualities of Mr. Angelo. Let it be admitted that she suppressed all allusion to the last interview.

"Well, child," quoth Mrs. May, after listening to what by degrees warmed into a glowing panegyric—"I think this is all nonsense; but you know I have always promised never to interfere with any sincere attachment you may form. Are you quite sure this gentleman is not merely making a pastime of you?"

Florence turned away her head, and her mother went on. "I shall make some inquiries into his position and prospects, and character of course. If all turn out to be satisfactory—we shall see; but I confess to having a prejudice against foreigners."

It was no easy matter for Mrs. May to gain the information she required. The whole village it is true, was up in arms about the young stranger who had arrived at Melvyn Park, and who as every one knew, had long ago been betrothed to Miss Florence; but nobody could say one word on the subject that was not surmise. Poor Mrs. May was highly indignant when she learned that those visits to the meadows had been watched and commented on by every gossip, that is to say, every woman in the place, and returned home to scold her daughter, and pronounce the mystery unfathomable.

"You must," said she, "forget this person, who evidently has no serious intentions."

"I will try," replied her daughter with an arch look; "but there he is, coming down the street towards our house."

The stranger had heard of Mrs. May's return, and was hastening to beg permission to renew the interviews, the interruption of which had taught him how deeply he was moved. The elder lady received him with formal politeness, as a distinguished foreigner, while Florence endeavored to keep her eyes to the ground. Mr. Angelo found it necessary to break the ice by declaring, that he was no Italian, but an Englishman by origin though not by birth.

"My name," he said, "is Angelo Melvyn, and I am now the owner of Melvyn Park. Sorrowsful circumstances, you will perhaps have heard by tradition, induced my father to go abroad many years ago. When I became the head of the family, I naturally felt a desire to behold the mansion of my ancestors, which was not invested to me personally with melancholy associations. It was my fancy to explore the neighborhood without making myself known. I met your daughter; and—may I hope that she has related to you all I have ventured to say of my feelings towards her?"

This explanation "made all things straight," as Mrs. May afterwards said. Angelo might have told a good deal more; for example, that his heart was only just recovering from the pain of a bitter disappointment, when the lovely form of Florence appeared to console and indemnify him. But few words in these matters are wisdom; and there is always time to be confidential. Within a month from that period, every one had heard that Mr. Angelo Melvyn was about to be married to Miss Florence May, with whom those who had learned their geography, and were not conversant with the facts, insisted he had fallen in love in Tuscany. "In those southern climes," said Miss Wiggins to Miss Higgins, "it is the custom for cities to stand godfathers to children." The wedding took place in due season; and it is to be supposed that it turned out a happy one, for the last news we have heard of Mr. and Mrs. Melvyn was, that they have been seen walking along the meadows near the willow-stream, whilst two bright-eyed children—one named Angelo, and the other Florence—were running to and fro, gathering daisies and butter-cups, to make wreaths and nosegays withal.

From The Spectator.

#### CHINESE EMIGRATION TO THE WEST INDIES.

NEXT to the emigration from Ireland and Germany during the last few years, the most remarkable movement of any portion of the human family is that which has lately begun in China. With a population equal to forty or fifty Irelands, the Celestial Empire is quite as much overcrowded as the latter country was before the potato famine; but it is only within the last few years that the surplus population has begun to venture to distant countries in search of employment; and as there is evidently a great demand for labor in many parts of the globe, the movement is likely to go forward at such a rate as may

ultimately exercise a powerful influence on the character of the Chinese population.

Among other places to which the men of the Middle Empire have found their way lately, the colony of British Guiana seems to be one of the places where they have done very well, in spite of the attempts of certain Colonial journals to represent the Chinese emigration as a failure. From a return of despatches relating to Chinese immigrants recently introduced into Guiana and Trinidad, we are glad to see that, in both colonies, but especially in the former, the planters speak in very high terms of the manner in which the Chinese have conducted themselves. They are described as possessing strength, industry, and intelligence; and as being so fond of money that they are willing to exert their strength to

the utmost in order to earn good wages. The rate of pay offered to those who wish to leave their native land is very small — only five dollars per month with food and lodging, or seven dollars without. These contract prices of labor, however, are very soon broken by mutual consent, in favor of task-work, which is much more satisfactory to both the planter and the Chinese coolie. The latter is said to make very good wages; his strength and power of enduring heat and fatigue being far superior to that of the Indian coolie. One great difficulty in the way of a successful immigration and colonization in the West Indies by means of Chinese laborers, is the want of female immigrants. When the project was first mooted about two years ago, Governor Barkly, in his letter to Earl Grey, ascribed the difficulty of procuring female emigrants from China to the practice of female infanticide, and to the custom of crippling the feet of the women, "so as to unfit them, not merely for agricultural labor, but for locomotion." This proves to have been a mistake, however. Mr. White, the Government Emigration Agent, who went to China for the express purpose of obtaining information on the subject, and of organizing the conveyance of laborers to Guiana and Trinidad, although doubtful at first whether it would be possible to obtain Chinese women, admits that, "after more extended inquiry," the difficulties are not so great as he had been led to believe. "Many of the intending emigrants, who applied to the office in Hongkong to be registered, stated that they would send for their wives and children after they had been a short time in the colony;" and as for their feet, the class of women who are likely to emigrate are those accustomed to manual labor, and they are said to have "full-grown and undeformed feet, are strong and well formed, and would be very useful on a plantation." Hopes are held out, that if arrangements could be made for conveying a sufficient proportion of female emigrants to Guiana, the Chinese would settle there in large numbers; and as many of them are ambitious as well as hard-working, they might ultimately form a very useful middle class. All accounts agree in representing them as greatly superior to both African and Bengal laborers in every respect.

The heaviest drawback, however, either as regards male or female emigration, is the cost of conveyance; and this has been greatly aggravated by the excessive dearness of freights within the last twelvemonth. Were China within easy reach of the West Indies, the transportation of laborers would go on at a prodigious rate. But, even before the late advance in freights, the cost of introducing Chinese emigrants into Guiana was 100 dollars per head, while those from America and Sierra Leone cost only 30 dollars. Now that the demand for tonnage is so much greater all over the world, and that the Cuban authorities are offering 130 dollars for every Chinese laborer landed in that island, the difficulty of obtaining a sufficient supply of labor for the West Indies becomes every day greater.

Were the Chinese population not exceedingly ignorant of what is going on in a country much nearer to them than the West Indies, they would never dream of taking so long a voyage, and

binding themselves to work for 1s. a day. At the very moment when such contracts were making at Hongkong, common laborers at the Diggings were earning 20s. to 40s. a day. Well might Adam Smith say, that of all commodities human labor is the one most difficult to transport from where it is in excess to where it is most in demand.

**USES OF PALMS.** — In order to be able to appreciate how much the native tribes of the countries where they most abound are dependant on this noble family of plants, and how they take part in some form or other in almost every action of the Indian's life, we must enter into his hut and inquire into the origin and structure of the various articles we shall see around us. Suppose then we visit an Indian cottage on the banks of the Rio Negro, a great tributary of the river Amazon in South America. The main supports of the building are trunks of some forest tree of heavy and durable wood, but the light rafters overhead are formed by the straight cylindrical and uniform stems of the Jará palm. The roof is thatched with large triangular leaves, neatly arranged in regular alternate rows, and bound to the rafters with sipós or forest creepers; the leaves are those of the Caraná palm. The door of the house is a framework of thin hard strips of wood neatly thatched over; it is made of the split stems of the Pashiúba palm. In one corner stands a heavy harpoon for catching the cow-fish; it is formed of the black wood of the *Pashiúba barriguda*. By its side is a blow-pipe ten or twelve feet long, and a little quiver full of small poisoned arrows hangs up near it; with these the Indian procures birds for food, or for their gay feathers, or even brings down the wild hog or the tapir; and it is from the stem and spine of two species of palms that they are made. His great bassoon-like musical instruments are made of palm stems; the cloth in which he wraps his most valued feather ornaments is a fibrous palm spathe; and the rude chest in which he keeps his treasures is woven from palm-leaves. His hammock, his bow-string, and his fishing-line, are from the fibres of leaves which he obtains from different palm-trees according to the qualities he requires in them, — the hammock from the Miriti, and the bow-string and fishing-line from the Tucum. The comb which he wears on his head is ingeniously constructed of the hard bark of a palm; and he makes fish-hooks of the spines, or uses them to puncture on his skin the peculiar markings of his tribe. His children are eating the agreeable red and yellow fruit of the Papunha or peach palm; and from that of the Assai he has prepared a favorite drink, which he offers you to taste. That carefully suspended gourd contains oil, which he has extracted from the fruit of another species; and that long elastic plaited cylinder used for squeezing dry the mandioca pulp to make his bread, is made of the bark of one of the singular climbing palms, which alone can resist for a considerable time the action of the poisonous juice. — *Palm Trees of the Amazon.*

From Chambers's Journal.

## FRENCH EXPERIMENTS IN ENTOMOLOGY.

At intervals during the last three years, Parisian savans have been occupied in various curious researches of equal importance to the entomologist and the physician. Every one knows how extensively leeches are used in medicine, and how efficacious their application frequently is. But leeches are every day becoming rarer and more expensive, especially in France,\* where the efforts made to naturalize them have hitherto been neutralized by various obstacles, and among others, by a destructive agency long unknown to science, which has at length been discovered and revealed to the world by a learned Frenchman—M. Soubeiran.

In April, 1850, M. Soubeiran began his experiments. He caused a large basin of a peculiar construction to be placed in the central surgery of the hospitals, in which basin he deposited a number of leeches, with the intention of watching their habits and ascertaining the best mode of treating them. The basin was circular, and lined with lead; a stream of water could be turned through it at will by means of a *jet d'eau*, from the head of a watering-pot; and there was an opening for the escape of the surplus water, covered with clear-muslin, to prevent the leeches from getting out. At the bottom of the basin was a thick bed of potter's earth, in which were placed a number of aquatic plants, such as the *Iris pseudo-acorus*, the *Typha angustifolia*, or reed-mace, the *Caltha palustris*, or marsh-marigold, etc.; and above all, some of the *Chara*. In one part of the basin was an island level with the water, composed of a bed of clay covered with a layer of light soil and turf, in order that the leeches might bury themselves at pleasure in the light earth. Three hundred fine Hungarian leeches were placed in the basin thus prepared, where they were left undisturbed until the end of September. During this time they were fed three times—twice with blood, and once with frogs.

But the animals did not multiply, as was expected. When the harvest came to be looked for, only about 100 young ones were found. These were mostly hidden within the folds of the leaves of the plants, and attached to each of them was a small, pale, tetradecapodous animal with a flat elongated body. It had four folded antennæ, two of them longer than the others, and a biforked tail composed of a single segment. Beneath this tail were appendages that continually agitated the water, to renew it at the surface of the respiratory organs; the feet were furnished with a hook. The animal did not swim, but walked at the bottom of the basin, or along the stems of the plants beneath the water. It was found in great numbers upon the sieves used in fishing up the leeches, and upon the stems of the iris and typha; but the greater number lay within the interior folds of the leaves with the young leeches.

M. Soubeiran placed a few of these insects in a jug filled with water, and threw in among them some young leeches. The animals speedily seized

upon the leeches, which could not shake them off, but, in spite of all their efforts, were speedily overpowered. Wishing to satisfy himself whether they would attack full-grown leeches in the same way, the experimentalist put several of them, together with two adult leeches, into another jug, likewise filled with water. At the end of a few minutes, they had fixed themselves upon the poor animals, which struggled violently, and endeavored to escape from their enemies, but could not make them quit their hold. This scourge of young leeches is very common in the Seine, and in some of the stagnant pools in the environs of Paris. Naturalists call it the Soft-water *Asellus*.

From these observations, M. Soubeiran concluded that the great numbers of the *Aselli* frequenting the waters of the Seine and the stagnant pools above referred to, render the propagation of leeches impossible, unless this water could be kept from the basins where these useful animals are reared; and even in that case, this method of rearing them is costly, and not easily practicable.

Another insect to which the Parisian naturalists have lately been directing special attention, is the *Acarus* of the itch. The repugnance and disgust excited from remotest antiquity by this disease are well known. There is a reference to it in the 13th chapter of Leviticus. It is mentioned by Hippocrates, by Aristotle, by Galen, by Horace, by Cicero, by Juvenal, by Rabelais, and by a hundred others. Some of these, and especially Rabelais, gave unmistakable indications of being acquainted with the singular insect that causes the disease. But it was reserved for a Corsican student, M. Renucci, to demonstrate the existence of the acarus in such a manner that no one could dispute its authenticity; since that time, people have troubled themselves very little about it. The experiments of a learned French physician have at length rendered the observations on this insect conclusive and complete.

These observations at first presented great difficulties. Dr. Bourguignon could readily study the acarus with the aid of an ordinary microscope. He could define its form; he could even delineate its anatomy and reproduction; but how was he to arrive at a knowledge of its habits?

To arrive at this knowledge, the doctor had recourse to a peculiar species of movable microscope, invented by himself, which enabled him to observe the acarus on the diseased person. This microscope is very simple: it is composed of the frame of an ordinary microscope, the optical and essential part of which has been raised from the socket that supported it, and articulated to a movable knee at the extremity of a lever; the instrument can thus be transported to the part under inspection.

Another difficulty, however, presented itself in the fact, that the ordinary light is obscurity for opaque bodies seen through the microscope. Dr. Bourguignon was forced, therefore, to have recourse to artificial light, the luminous rays of which he concentrates into a brilliant focus by the aid of a round magnifying-glass, which focus he directs upon the chosen point of observation.

We will not here speak of the fantastic form of the acarus—of its fore-paws, which, armed

\* For the Natural History of the Leech, see Journal, vol. iv., second series, p. 334.

with a kind of sucker, enable it to fasten itself in the furrow which it digs under the skin; of the movable points which it carries on its back, to fix itself more firmly in these furrows; of its terrible mandibles, and all the other weapons with which nature has armed it, to accomplish its destructive mission. We shall merely notice one or two curious details concerning its habits.

The acarus is a kind of microscopic tortoise. In the moment of danger or sleep, it draws in its head and feet. If pushed out of its burrow, it turns its head from right to left, to find out where it has been placed; and speedily regaining its form, it squats in it instinctively, for it has no eyes. Its march is precisely that of the tortoise. Notwithstanding all his optical resources, Dr. Bourguignon has not yet been able to discover a single male acarus. All those observed by him were females fecundated, doubtless for many generations, as is the case with several other insects—the gnat, for example. The acarus usually lays sixteen eggs, which are carefully deposited in a furrow under the epidermis, where they are ranged in pairs. They are hatched in about ten days.

Thanks to the observations of Dr. Bourguignon, the disease caused by this insect, so terrible to our ancestors, can now easily be cured in two days.\*

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DR. WILLIAM HODGE MILL, Regius Professor of Hebrew, Canon of Ely, and Rector of Brasted, died at Ely on Christmas day, after less than a week's illness. On Monday week he came up to London to attend a meeting of the Foreign Translation Committee of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge. The extreme cold of the day brought on an obstruction which no medical skill could counteract, and he died without pain, and with all such consolations as his friends could wish, on Sunday night. Dr. Mill took a very high degree in 1813, and was elected Fellow of Trinity College. In 1820, he went out as first principal of Bishop's College, Calcutta, the foundation of Bishop Middleton. On his return in 1838, he received the appointment of domestic and examining chaplain to the late Archbishop Howley. Subsequently he was appointed Christian Advocate. In 1843 Archbishop Howley presented him to the living of Brasted, Kent; and in 1848 he was elected Regius Professor of Hebrew, to which a canonry at Ely is attached. As a mathematician and scholar, Dr. Mill's attainments were of the very highest order; and the pursuits of his youth he continued as the relaxation of his maturer years. His acquirements in Sanscrit have won him an European reputation; and, as a contribution to the evangelizing of India, as well as a classical production in that great language, his 'Christa Sangrita' is a work unparalleled in modern literature. Dr. Mill leaves behind him a widow and surviving daughter, the wife of the Rev. Benjamin Webb, of Sheen.—*Examiner*.

\* This article is chiefly taken from the *Archives de Pharmacie*, a French medical journal.

LITERARY PENSIONS.—The application of the small fund at the disposal of the Queen is a promising peculiarity of the present time. More frequently than otherwise, the recipients are now authors, or their surviving families; and the public is acquainted by the mere name of the individual with the merit that has obtained this mark of royal kindness and distinction. Formerly, the case was very different. No influence, no entreaty could extort from government a pension for the widow of our national poet Burns; but now this homage is readily paid to the genius of the Ettrick Shepherd, in a pension to his widow of £50 a year. The widow of Dr. Moir, the elegant and amiable Delta, receives £100; the widow of Sir Harris Nicolas is likewise pensioned; and so are the sister and daughters of our late esteemed fellow citizen, James Simpson. The pension to Alaric Watts is more timely than these, for he has still, to all appearance, a long course of life before him, and is working as vigorously as ever at literature. The sum is not large—only £100 a year—but it will help a man of genius in undeserved difficulties, and it is a standing testimonial to his merit, proceeding from the highest quarter. It is not long since we stated our opinion of his productions generally, in reviewing his *Lyrics of the Heart*; and it is pleasing to us to find that Her Majesty and Lord Aberdeen have formed a similar appreciation of the poet.

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CHARLES DICKENS'S CHRISTMAS READINGS AT BIRMINGHAM.—In fulfilment of a promise made a year ago that he would read some of his Christmas books in aid of the new Birmingham and Midland Institute, Mr. Dickens commenced the series by reading the "Christmas Carol," in the Town-hall. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather the vast hall was well filled, about 1,700 persons being present. Mr. Dickens's reception was of the most hearty and enthusiastic kind; he had a most sympathizing audience, who caught the spirit of the speaker and the intention of the author with appreciative intelligence, and for full three hours they sat charmed by the geniality of the story and the admirable elocution of the speaker, who kept up the interest to the very last, concluding amidst great applause. This is the first time Dickens has read his books in public, and the effect was peculiar. He reads "The Cricket on the Hearth" to-night, and tomorrow he repeats "The Christmas Carol," exclusively to the working classes, who have already secured every place in the hall. The proposed institute, in whose behalf these readings are given, has been very fortunate hitherto. A site for the building, worth from £10,000 to £15,000, has been granted by the corporation, nearly £10,000 additional have been subscribed, and Mr. Dickens's contribution in the shape of the proceeds of the readings, will, it is anticipated, be a handsome one.

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When Lola Montes passed through Sacramento, she had these "parlor ornaments"—a piano, a parrot, two dogs, and a grizzly bear.

From Household Words.

## PHARISEES AND SINNERS.

He was the saint of the family, and the model man of the neighborhood. There was not a charity that he did not subscribe to, not a deputation that he did not entertain—and they were hungry fellows generally, who knew the comforting virtues of his choice Madeira—he founded Sunday-schools and Chapels-of-Ease as other men would build barns, and he was the public purse of all the ten parishes round. The poor called him a real gentleman, and the ungodly a fine fellow; while the elect looked solemn, and spoke of “that pious man, Jacob Everett;” through their noses for the most part. No one had an ill word for him excepting the landlord of the Grapes, who declared with a mighty oath that he was the “pest of the place, and would ruin all Green Grove if he was left to do as he liked.” Notwithstanding this Bacchic judgment, Jacob Everett was a good man; weak, perhaps, but lovable in his very weakness; sincere, gentle, generous, merciful; puritanical in principle, but—as his younger brother, the archdeacon, once said in full vestry, when Jacob opposed him about the penance of Hannah Brown—“sadly latitudinarian in practice.” Jacob, however, who loved mercy and hated condemnation, went on his own way, opening a wide door of forgiveness to all sinners; closing to a narrow chink the yawning gates of destruction which his brother swung back wide enough for all mankind; saving the small band of the elect to which he and his belonged.

The family was proud of Jacob. He was an old bachelor and rich; and the Everetts—albeit of the rigidest—liked wealth and honored pedigrees. They were grand people, who practised humility in coaches, and self-abasement in velvet; who denounced the lusts of the flesh at state dinner-parties, over champagne and pine apples; but who believed that eternal punishment was the doom of all who entered a theatre or a ball-room. They went to morning concerts of serious music, and patronized oratorios. They thought it sinful to be in love, and called it making idols—so they married their children comfortably among godly families with money, and told them that esteem was better than romance. Miss Tabitha Everett was once suspected of a tender partiality for young Mr. Aldridge of Aldridge Park; but the family hushed it up as a scandal, for unconverted Mr. Aldridge kept a pack of hounds. Afterwards, they married her to the Rector of Green Grove, the Honorable and Reverend Humdrumle Hibbert, eldest son of the Dean, and heir to an un-apostolic fortune. The Everetts were exceedingly undemonstrative. Miss Tabitha accepted her husband, and, concealing her feelings, made a very good wife. For marriage was not their forte. Not an Everett was ever known to stoop down to kiss a husband's forehead as he sat before the fire reading; not an Everett was ever known to talk nonsense in the nursery—neither to ride a cock-horse, nor to bewail the fate of Humpty Dumpty, neither to rock-a-by-baby on a tree top, nor to perform a monody in A minor, all about “Kiddie, Coosie, Coosie, Coo”—a song I once heard from a dear

young mother, and which I thought the most beautiful of songs. The Everetts were not given to any such follies; excepting Jacob, who loved children as they would be loved, and who used to play at bo-peep with the cottagers' babies.

Some years ago—just at the time when pretty Anna Fay, the Sunday-school mistress, so suddenly left Green Grove—a strange alteration took place in Jacob Everett. His cheerfulness, which had been his strongest characteristic, was exchanged for the most painful depression. He talked frequently of his sins, and gave more liberally than ever to missions and charities. His friends could not understand this depression; which, at last, became habitual. He gave them no clue to it; but, with scarcely a day's warning, he left home to travel in the south of Europe. He had been looking ill and more than ever harassed of late; and every one said, it was the best thing he could do, great as would be everybody's loss. His sister Tabitha alone objected, on the score of the Jesuits. However, Jacob went; discharging all his servants and shutting up the beautiful old Hall. To the infinite surprise of everybody, he openly and unblushingly took from the neighboring village a certain Betty Thorne, a fine, handsome Roman looking woman, a farmer's sister, aged about forty. And Betty Thorne travelled with him in his own carriage.

Five years passed away, and Jacob's letters became rarer and more rare. He wrote ever in the same depressed condition of mind; spoke often of “Good Betty Thorne, who had been such a blessed comfort to him,” and hinted vaguely at some unforgiven sin. Then for two years more no letters came, even in answer to business inquiries; and all trace of the traveller was lost. His very bankers did not know his address, and “Sardinia” left wide margins. Mrs. Hibbert one day grew quite warm when she spoke of his neglect with Paul and Jessie, her two children; almost agreeing that Paul, poor child—who, by the way, was three-and-twenty, destined for the church but preferring the army, and so making a compromise by studying for the bar—that Paul should go to Italy in search of his Uncle Jacob. But the Jesuits and the Signoras frightened her. And while their deliberations went on, a letter came to Mrs. Hibbert sealed with black and written with copper-colored ink; which letter was from Betty Thorne, telling her “that her honored master had gone to rest the seventh of this September last past, and that the letter would tell her gracious madam all about it.”

The letter enclosed was from Jacob Everett himself, revealing the mystery of his life.

Oh Anna Fay! with your nut-brown hair and quaker eyes, and dove-like ways, who would have believed that you, so good and so demure, with Jacob the best man of Green Grove, would have given such a hostage as that round red laughing loving little being—that floweret plucked in a forbidden forest; that unauthorized, unsanctioned, unlawful little liege—Estella, “star of your mourning!” God forgive you both. You sinned, and you suffered; you fell, and you repented; perhaps your burning tears and your prayers of penitence and grief may have effaced the dark record in the Great Book above. You are both

cold in your tombs now — Heaven's mercy rest on you, and Heaven's angels restore you! There are enough in this hard world to cast stones at you both; for us, we will but water the flowers on your graves, and pluck up the weeds, and place a headstone where ye lie, with "There is joy among the angels of God over the sinner that repenteth," engraven thereupon.

In this letter to his sister, Jacob made a full confession; telling her that, shocked and terrified at his crime, he had sent away Anna Fay, who refused to marry him as he wished, and how she had lived in Italy ever since — he, Jacob, feeling that entire separation, though they loved each other well, was the only reparation they could make to Heaven; and how, five years ago, she had died, leaving their child without a friend or protector in the world. How he had then gone over with Betty Thorne, to whom he had confided his secret, to guard and educate his girl; which he had done carefully. He then ended by appointing Tabitha guardian and sole trustee of his daughter, now seventeen years of age; for, to his child he left all his property, excepting a generous donation to Betty Thorne. He further said that a bequest made so solemnly as this of his orphan child on his deathbed, would, he was sure, be regarded as sacred; and that Estella would be nurtured carefully for his sake. All his usual subscriptions, and a certain yearly allowance of which we shall have to speak presently, were to be continued until Estella would be of age, when she would consult her father's memory and her own feelings only.

It took but little time for Mrs. Hibbert to reflect on her course of action. Paul and Jessie, impulsive as all young people are, pleaded instant adoption of the child, and of Betty Thorne, too; but Tabitha Hibbert, wounded in her family pride, in her religious conscience, and in her worldly ambition, turned coldly to her children, saying, "The girl who has robbed you and your cousins of your rightful inheritance; who is a stain on an unspotted name, and who damages our religious character forever; shall never darken my threshold. I refuse to act as guardian or trustee. Entreaty is useless, Jessie! I am a Christian woman and a mother, and I understand my duties."

So Betty Thorne was written to, and "all recognition of that unhappy girl" distinctly declined; coupled with a severe warning which sounded very like a threat, to "sell the Hall when she came of age, and never dare to intrude herself among the members of a family which disowned her as a disgrace." After Mrs. Hibbert had written this letter, she read, as was her daily wont, the lesson of the day. It chanced to be the history of the Magdalene, her sins, and her pardon. But she made no comment, though Paul and Jessie looked at each other — the girl's pale eyes full of tears, and the youth's cheek crimson.

Months and years rolled by; and Jacob's name was never mentioned, neither was his sin, neither were his good works. The beautiful old Hall was still shut up, until Estella should be of age, and the donations and subscriptions were

punctually remitted; Betty Thorne writing all the letters in the name of Master's Heiress.

There was a certain yearly allowance made by Jacob to a certain widow with five children — a Mrs. Malahide, relict of Captain Malahide of the Fourth Engineers. She was an Everett — Miss Grace Everett — who had eloped one day with a scampish young officer with nothing but his pay, and who had consequently been disinherited by her father. She was the youngest, and had been the darling; but she had lost herself now, they said; and so, though not wholly dead to, she was partially excommunicated by, the family. Jacob, as head of the house since his father's death, had always given Mrs. Malahide an allowance, with the consent of Mrs. Hibbert and the archdeacon; to whom it was a matter of pride rather than of love that an Everett should not starve. But for themselves — Grace had married a poor man and an unconverted one, and what claim had she, therefore, on them? So, the archdeacon drove his prancing bays, and Mrs. Hibbert bought her Lyons velvets, and they both said that Mrs. Malahide was only too fortunate in having such a devoted brother as Jacob, and that her sins had merited her sufferings. This was the allowance which Jacob had desired in his will should be continued, until Estella was of age, but which then she was free to discontinue or keep up as she liked.

Mrs. Hibbert had not remembered this clause when she refused to accept the trust confided to her. Perhaps if she had, she would have acted differently, from family interests. For the Everetts dare not, for the sake of the world's opinion, wholly desert a sister of their house; and if Jacob's five hundred a year were withdrawn, they must either support Grace themselves, or suffer an additional family degradation in her poverty. Neither of which alternatives pleased them. However, the matter as yet was in abeyance; but soon to be settled; for the year wanted only six or seven months of completion which would see Estella of age, mistress of the Hall, and of her father's wealth. And Mrs. Hibbert groaned, and the archdeacon shook his stick, and something very like an anathema flew across the seas to rest on the bright head of the young girl sitting in the balcony overlooking the Grand Canal at Venice, thinking of the mother she had loved, and of the father she had lost.

This young girl leading the secluded life of a foreign damsel; seeing no one but her faithful English nurse and the various mistresses of such accomplishments as her father had desired her to learn, and her own artistic taste had directed her to; living in a world of poetry of her own creation, her full heart yearning for love and sympathy, and companionship; her imagination filled with great visions of her mother's home, of that large strong England whose voice sounded through the whole world, and whose sons held sway in every quarter of the globe; this young girl stored up large treasures of poetry and affection, all the purer because of their depth, all the more enduring because of their unuse.

Mrs. Malahide lived at Brighton in a pretty little house on the sea-shore, occupying herself

with the education of her four daughters—her only son was at Cambridge—in quite a natural and un-Everett fashion. Not that she was wholly natural either; for inherited reserve and early education were too strong to be set aside, even by the freer life she had led since her marriage. There were still traces of Green Grove in the precise slow manner in which she spoke, and in the stiff hand held out like a cleft bar of iron, which formed the chief characteristics of the Everett world. But she was a good creature at heart, and had been softened, first by love and then by sorrow, into more real amiability than her rigid manners would give one to believe.

It was to Mr. Malahide that all Estella's feelings turned. She knew the secret of her birth, poor child; and though too ignorant of the world to understand it in all its social bearing, yet she was aware that a stain of some kind rested on her, which made her grateful for any love as for an act of condescension. She knew that her father's family had disowned her, and that the very woman who had lived on her father's bounty, and who now expected to live on hers, had written in a letter to her lawyers thus:—"No one can feel more strongly than I the sin and the shame which the existence of Miss Fay's daughter entails on our family; still, for the sake of my children, I trust that she may continue the allowance made to me by my brother in reparation of my father's injustice, and that, in so doing, she will not feel she is conferring a benefit, but simply doing her duty in repairing, so far as she can, the wrong which her birth has done to us all."

But although Estella knew that these were the proud and hostile feelings with which the whole Everett world regarded her, yet, as she used to say to herself, whom else had she to love?—whom else to benefit? Her father had left her his fortune and his name; she must see the old Hall at Green Grove; she must some day go down there as mistress, sole and unaccountable, of all the farms and lands around; and, do what they would, they could not keep it secret from the world that Jacob Everett had left his property and his name to the child of his unmarried wife. She pitied them; she would have pitied them more had she understood the matter more; but she knew of nothing better to do than to win their love and conquer their esteem, and so make them forgive her for her unintentional wrong towards them.

She, therefore, determined to go to Brighton, where she knew Mrs. Malahide resided; to find some means of introduction to her; and she said, looking on to the waters of the Adriatic, force her aunt to respect, to love, and in the end to acknowledge her. The scheme was romantic enough; but it did not promise badly. Estella and Betty Thorne left beautiful Italy, and went, in the dull autumn months, to Brighton.

It took a little time before she and her faithful nurse settled themselves, and then a little time longer before she discovered Mrs. Malahide's address. Then she had to make her plans and determine on her point of attack; for a thing of such gravity, she thought, was not to be done in a hurry. She felt frightened now, that

the time had really come when she was to see and be seen by her father's family, and she almost wished she had remained in Italy. She felt strange too in England. Everything was cold and formal. The language sounded harsh, spoken all round her with gruff, rough voices and ungraceful accents; the houses looked small and mean after the glorious marble palaces of Italy; and the people were strangely dressed in shabby finery—dirty bonnets in place of the white veil of Genoa, the simple flower of the Mediterranean coast, and the picturesque head-dresses of Italy; trailing gowns, with flounces dragging in the mud, worn by women who, in her own country, would have been dressed in peasant's costume, graceful and distinctive—all was so strange that Estella felt lost and miserable, and wished herself back among the orange trees again, far away from a land with which she had not learnt to be familiar in its familiar features, and whose industrial grandeur seemed to diminish as she approached it. For, ideal admiration does not go very far in daily life.

At last, Estella took heart and courage, and one day boldly went to Mrs. Malahide's house. She knocked at the door, which a prim, neat-looking servant girl opened. To her inquiry if "Mrs. Malahide was in her own house,"—for Estella did not speak English with a perfect knowledge of its idioms—the servant with a broad stare said "yes," a vague belief that she was somebody very improper crossing her brain.

Estella was ushered into a prim room, with the chairs, and the sofa, and the curtains, done up in brown holland; no fire in the grate, and girl's work all about—Berlin worsted mats netted, knitted and crocheted, and embroidered blotting books of faded colored flowers, and other things of the same kind, all very stiff and formal, and with no evidence of life or artistic taste among them. Estella's heart sank when she looked round this cold lifeless room, so different to the Italian homes of pictures, and birds, and living gems of art; but she resolved to bear up against the chilling influences pressing on her, and to be brave and constant to herself; no little merit in a girl brought up in Italy, where but little of the moral steadfastness of life is braided in with its poetry. In a short while a lady entered, dressed in deep mourning, her face fixed into a mask of severe grief, but still with a certain womanly tenderness lurking behind, like the light through a darkened window. She bowed; looking suspicious and a little stern, standing erect by the door.

"You do not know me, Madam?" said Estella, her soft voice, with its pretty foreign accent, trembling.

"I do not," answered Mrs. Malahide coldly.

The girl's eyes filled with tears. "And I am afraid I shall not be welcome when you do know me," she said timidly. "I am Estella Everett."

Mrs. Malahide started. Impudent! forward! presumptuous! here in my very house! she thought this, strongly agitated; and moved to the fireplace to ring the bell.

Estella went nearer to her, and laid her hand on her arm. "Do not send me away without

hearing me," she said plaintively; "for, indeed, I have only come in kindness and love."

Her pure young voice touched the woman's heart in spite of herself. She dropped the hand outstretched, and, pointing to a chair said, "What is it you have to say?" in a voice still cold, yet with a shade less sharpness in it.

"I have come to you, Madam," began Estella, "that I might see some one who knew my father, and some one that he loved and belonged to. I am very lonely, now that he has gone, with all of you disowning me; but I thought that you, who had seen more sorrow than the others, would have more sympathy with me than they; for sorrow brings hearts very near! And so, Aunt Grace, I came to Brighton from Venice on purpose to see you and the children, that I might make you love and adopt me among you. "And now," she added, her full heart swelling with its old hope of love, "you will not turn me away from your hearts? You will not forbid my cousins to love me? If I have injured you by my birth—and, dear Aunt, it was not my own fault—I will make up for it in the best way I can, and prove to you my love for my father by loving you. I want some one to be kind to me, and some one, Aunt, that I can be kind to and love. I am rich, and I want some near one to share my riches, and not strangers; I want one of my own blood, one of my own kindred. I want you and your children, Aunt Grace, and you will give them to me!"

This simple, unworly outpouring, softened Mrs. Malahide into almost a smile—a smile which, when just born around the corners of her mouth, Estella caught like a ray of light. Young and impulsive, she ran up to her Aunt, and flinging herself on her knees, by her side putting her arms around her said, "You are going to love me, Aunt Grace? And you will let me love you and the children?" holding up her face to be kissed.

She looked so lovely, with her beautiful grey eyes which had their mother's depth, and softness, and lustre—with her bright brown hair braided off her low white brow—with her small red lips, like little rose-buds parted—her caressing ways which had all the grace and warmth of Italy—her voice so soft and musical—that the frozen Everett soul was thawed in Mrs. Malahide, and the iron bond of reserve which had so long unnaturally held it prisoner, gave way. She laid her hand on the girl's shoulder, she looked her frankly in the eyes. Tears came into her own. She remembered the time when she was young and impulsive—when love formed her life too, and when loneliness and want of love were death. She stooped down, half unconsciously, and kissed the face upturning to hers, murmuring, "My poor desolate child!"

Estella felt as if a volume had been said between them—as if a life had been written in one motherly caress. She cried for joy—she sobbed—she kissed her Aunt's cold hands, called her *cari-sima* and *carina*, and poured out a flood of gratitude and love, half in Italian and half in bad English, sweeping away all power of resistance in the living force of her own tenderness. All was over. Little impulsive as was any true born

Everett, there was that in Estella which no one could withstand—such depth, such gentleness, such fervor, such childish faith! And although she was by birth so highly objectionable, and albeit she had been brought up abroad, and was therefore only half an Englishwoman, the truth and trust of her nature were stronger than even Mrs. Malahide's prejudices; so, giving way for once to her own instincts, she folded the girl to her heart, and kissed her again and blessed her.

Jessie Hibbert was delicate. She was ordered to the sea-side; and Brighton being convenient on many accounts, Mrs. Hibbert took her there, notwithstanding the presence of Mrs. Malahide, who was rather "cut" than sought after by the family. So, she packed up a carpet-bag full of tracts; and it being Paul's vacation time, they all went down together—poor Jessie growing paler and paler every day. Mrs. Hibbert had heard nothing of Estella. The correspondence between her and her sister was too slight and formal to suffer them to enter into details; and when she arrived at Brighton with her daughter, and saw a tall, graceful, foreign-looking girl among the Malahide girls, teaching one Italian, and another singing, showing the rules of perspective to a third, and explaining the meaning of architecture to a fourth, she neither asked her name nor dreamed of her condition; but treated her as the Hibbert world in England does treat governesses—with silence and contempt, passing her by as something too low to demand the rights of courtesy. Estella, frightened at Mrs. Hibbert's iron severity, prayed that her real name might not be told—a prayer Mrs. Malahide was only too glad to comply with. Once, indeed, Mrs. Hibbert condescended to say, "You seem to have rather a superior kind of governess there, Mrs. Malahide," in an acid tone, that seemed to end the matter and ask no confirmation. So Mrs. Malahide made no reply, and the matter was dropped.

Estella sat among the children like a young Madonna—with such a prodigality of generous giving—both of love and mental wealth, both of worldly gifts and intellectual advantages—she was so fond, so devoted, so happy, in the joys of others, so penetrated with love—that even Mrs. Hibbert watched her with a strange kind of interest, as if a new experience were laid out before her. Jessie clung to Estella as to a sister, happy only in her society, and seeming to feel for the first time in her life what was the reality of affection; and Paul treated her now as a princess and now as a child, now with a tender reverence that was most beautiful and touching, and now with a certain manly petulance and tyranny. They both loved her with all their hearts and were never happy away from her.

Jessie grew paler and paler every day: she was thin, and had a transparency in her flesh painfully eloquent: her slight hands showed the daylight almost purely through, and her eyes were large and hollow—the white of them pearl-colored and clear. She complained little; suffering no pain, and dying away one scarcely knew why. There was a general look of fading, and a show of lassitude and weakness, as if the essence

of her life were slowly evaporating; as if she were resolving back to the ethereal elements which had met together for a brief season in her. She was dying, she often said, from the desire to die; from the want of motive of life: she had nothing to live for.

Mrs. Hibbert nursed her daughter as any such woman would nurse a fading girl — with conscientiousness, but with hardness; doing her duty, but doing it without a shadow of tenderness. She had the best advice Brighton could afford, and she took care that the medicines were given at the exact hours prescribed, and without a fraction of difference in the mode prescribed. Fruit and good books were there in abundance; but all wanted the living spirit.

On Estella the weight of consolation fell, and no one could have fulfilled its duties better. It was the spring time now, and she would go out into the fields and lanes, and bring home large bunches of forget-me-nots, and primroses, and daisies, with sprays of the wild rose and of the honeysuckle; and she sang to the dying girl, and sometimes brought her sketching-book and sketched the costumes of Italy, the palaces of Genoa, and the glorious water-streets of Venice; and she would sit and talk to her of Italy, and tell her all that would most interest her, being most unlike the life of home. And she would tell her anecdotes of Italian history and wild stories of Italian romance; and then they would talk of graver things — of the poetry of the old Church, of its power in the past, and of its marvellous union of wickedness and virtue; and then they would speak of the angels and of God; and both felt that one of them would soon be face to face with the great mysteries of the future, and would soon know of what nature were the secrets of the world to come. And all of poetry, of warmth, of glorious vision, and high-souled thought — all of the golden atmosphere of religion, in which art and spiritual beauty, and spiritual purity, and poetry and love were twined as silver cords set round with pearls — all that lightened Jessie's death-bed, and seemed to give a voice to her own dumb thoughts, a form to her own unshaped feelings, Estella shed there.

It was impossible that even the Everett world could reject her forever. It was impossible that even Mrs. Hibbert could continue indifferent to the beautiful young woman who gave peace to her dying child; and though the fact of Mrs. Es-

te, as she was called, being her disowned niece Estella, never struck her, something that was not all confessed admiration, but which afterwards she believed to be natural instinct, drew her nearer and nearer to the girl, and made her at last love her with sincerity if not with warmth. And when Jessie grew paler and weaker hour by hour — when every one saw that she was dying, and that only a few days more stood like dusky spirits between her and the quiet future — when Estella's prayers were for peace; no longer for the restoration which had become a mockery — when sleepless eyes and haggard looks spoke of the shadow of the death that was striding on — then Jessie taking Estella's hand and laying it in her mother's, said, "Mamma, you have another daughter now, to fill my place! Estella, your niece and my sweet sister and consolation, will comfort you when I am gone, and will take the place in your heart where I have lived.

It was too solemn a moment, then, for Mrs. Hibbert to fall back into her old fortress of pride and hardness. By the side of her dying child, she became womanly and christian; although, even then, the struggle was a hard one, and the effort cost her dear. She bent over Estella, kneeling there and weeping, and saying, slowly and with a still gravity not wholly ungentle, "I accept the trust now, Estella, and forgive your father for the sin he committed and for the shame that he wrought. Your place shall be, as my dear child has said, in my heart; and we will mutually forgive and pray to be forgiven."

Jessie smiled. "That is all I have hoped and prayed for," she said faintly; "be a mother to her as you have been to me, and let the future make up for the short-coming of the past!" And she turned her face towards the last rays of the sunlight streaming in through the open window.

A bird sang on a tree just opposite; the waves murmured pleasantly among the shells and seaweed on the shore; the sun sinking down in his golden sleep, flung one last stream of glory on the marble brow and long locks of the dying girl. It was a word of blessing for the past, and of baptism for the future. Jessie held her mother's hand in one of hers: the other clasped Paul's and Estella's held together. "Blessed by love," she murmured, "redeemed by love, — O God, save those who trust in thee, and for Thy sake pardon others — Thou whose name and essence are love and mercy!"

**NIGHTLY SERENADE.** — Every night, while in the upper part of the river we had a concert of frogs, which made most extraordinary noises. There are three kinds, which can frequently be all heard at once. One of these makes a noise something like what one would expect a frog to make, namely a dismal croak; but the sounds uttered by the others were like no animal noise that I ever heard before. A distant railway train approaching, and a blacksmith hammering on his anvil are what they exactly resemble. They are such true imitations, that when lying half-

dozing in the canoe I have often fancied myself at home, hearing the familiar sounds of the approaching mail-train, and the hammering of the boiler-makers at the iron works. Then we often had the "guaribias," or howling monkeys, with their terrific noises, the shrill grating whistle of the cicadas and locusts, and the peculiar notes of the suacúras and other aquatic birds; add to these the loud pleasant hum of the mosquito in your immediate vicinity, and you have a pretty good idea of our nightly concert on the Tocantins. — *Wallace's Amazon and Rio Negro.*

From Household Words.

### HALF-A-DOZEN LEECHES.

A LEECH is a very odd creature, having idiosyncracies which have given him great fame in the world. He belongs to the silk-worm order of beings, in so far as he comes forth from a cocoon or little habitation of filaments. But how unlike a silk-worm in manners and customs, habits and tastes! He fastens upon his brother animals, and does not leave them until they become a little lighter than before; and one particular kind, the horse-leech, when he can get access to another particular kind, the medicinal-leech, makes little ceremony with him, but sucks him in whole. It is not on the battles of the leeches, however, that we would lecture, nor on their medico-surgical management; what we desire is, to pay a little attention to two or three oddities about leeches; oddities which are, perhaps, not generally known to leech-users, but which are none the less odd for that.

The first oddity relates to the mode of fishing. If what we read about the Brienne leech-fishing is to be relied on, then do we, most certainly, not envy the leech-fishers. The country about La Brienne is very dull and uninteresting; and the people look very miserable — as they well may do. Walking about in that district, you are pretty certain to meet, here and there, with a man pale and straight-haired, wearing a woollen cap on his head, and having his legs and arms bare. He walks along the borders of a marsh, among the spots left dry by the surrounding waters, but particularly wherever the vegetation seems to preserve the subjacent soil undisturbed. This man — wo-begone aspect, hollow eyes, livid lips — is a leech-fisher; and from his singular gestures, you would take him for a patient who had left his sick-bed in a fit of delirium; for you observe him, every now and then, raising his legs and examining them one after the other. While he is moving about on his slimy pleasure-ground, the leeches attach themselves to his legs and feet: he feels their presence by their bite, and he picks them off his legs one by one. The leeches are sometimes found by him, also, revelling in the verdant mud, or swimming about, or clustering about the roots of the bulrushes and sea-weeds, or sheltered beneath stones covered with green and gluey moss; and he keeps a sharp look-out for them in all these localities. The fisher has sometimes a kind of spear or harpoon with which he craftily deposits savory morsels of decayed animal matter in places frequented by the leeches; and when they have been taken in and done for, by being decoyed to this bait, they very soon find themselves in a little vessel half-full of water, which the fisher carries with him, whence they are transferred to a bag carried over his shoulder, which bag frequently becomes enriched with a gross of leeches in three or four hours.

All this belongs to the spring system of leech-fishing; but, in the summer, matters are much worse. In summer, the leeches choose to disport themselves in deep water, and thither the fisher must follow them. No comfortable waterproofs or oil-skins, or diving-dresses; the man strips,

and in he goes, to give the precious leeches an opportunity to fasten upon his body or legs, or allow him to snatch them in any way that offers; or he sometimes sits on a frail kind of raft, and looks out for the leeches which may happen to be floating near the surface, or which get entangled in the structure of his raft.

Poor fellows! It is a desperate trade. They are constantly, more or less, in the water; breathing fog, and mist, and mephitic odors from the marsh; whence they are often attacked with ague, catarrhs, and rheumatism. Some indulge in strong liquors to keep off the noxious influence. And yet, like many dirty trades in London, leech-fishing is sedulously followed because it is lucrative. Dealers or traders come round occasionally, and buy up the produce of the fishery; taking their departure with many thousand leeches in their possession. The dealer buys the leeches just as they present themselves, big and little, green and black; and places them in a moistened sack, which he fastens behind his saddle; but he afterwards sorts them into various qualities for the market.

The second oddity is simply leech-fattening. Leeches, like Smithfield cattle at Christmas, are fattened for the market, to give them strong and lusty propensities in respect to their subsequent sanguinary career. An Englishman who visited Smyrna three or four years ago was surprised to find a large leech-fattening establishment, about a mile out of the town. The leeches are collected from marshes in the interior of Asia Minor, in the same manner as at Brienne, namely, every man his own ground-bait; the fisher stripping, plunging into the water, kicking and splashing to attract the attention of the leeches, and finally emerging studded with these black jewels on his naked flesh. He takes them to the fattening establishment, and sells them by weight, at so much per *ok* (a Turkish weight of something less than three pounds). They are sorted into sizes, England being one of the countries which insists upon having fine large fat leeches. They have a hearty initiatory meal, by being plunged into a tub of ox-blood; and then they are doctored, like gastronomists elsewhere. They are next weighed, and are transferred to ponds, each pond appropriated to a particular size or weight. There is a rapid brook running past the establishment, and a deep reservoir in which to store water from this brook; these are for feeding nearly twenty ponds, each measuring about sixty feet by twenty-five. We may guess, therefore, that the establishment is altogether too large to be treated disrespectfully. The ponds require very careful management; for while each must be a miniature marsh, muddy and slimy, the bed must not be so soft as to permit the leeches to wriggle away altogether. Tall top-spreading canes are planted, to protect the water from the summer heat; and a peculiar water-grass is planted also. The ponds are crossed by plank bridges, to facilitate the supervision; for occasional drainings and cleanings and beatings of the bed. The leeches fatten in periods varying from fifteen to thirty days, according to the seasons. When plumped up to the proper degree of sanguivorous beauty, they are fished up; and this is done in a much more

rational way than by the original fishers: flat boards, with cloth nailed to the under side, are splashed violently down upon the water; the leeches swim up to see what is the matter; they cling to the cloth; the boards are taken up; and the leeches are gently brushed off into a zinc colander or sieve. On being weighed, they are often found to be thrice as heavy as when put into the ponds.

The third oddity introduces us to leech-travelling. Assuredly the Smyrna leeches, whose Asiatic career has just been noticed, are among the most extraordinary travellers we have heard of. They have to be transported many hundreds or thousands of miles, to the countries where their blood-sucking services are required. Without moisture, a leech would die; and he would as certainly die if kept in water which had become stagnant and impure. The Smyrniotes have very ingeniously resolved, therefore, to prepare a special kind of batter-pudding for the delectation of the leeches. Fine clay is ground until as impalpable as flour or tooth-powder; and is then mixed into a thick batter with water, so carefully that no little pools or cells of water shall be left within the mass; indeed, it is kneaded by the naked feet of Turks and Greeks for a long period, until perfectly homogeneous. The batter or dough is put into tubs, like large washing-tubs; the leeches are tumbled in (about three thousand to each tub), and are carefully mixed or kneaded up, until the whole assemblage bears a strong resemblance to a huge currant-cake on its way to the baker's, the black heads and tails doing duty as currants. A top is then fastened upon the tub, with a hole in the centre covered with a perforated tin plate. And thus do the leeches travel about, immersed in their own batter-pudding. We do not say that all leeches come to England in such travelling-costume; we speak only of the extra-fattened black personages as they leave Smyrna.

The fourth oddity is leech-rivalry. Leeches are not allowed to have matters all their own way. Their prescribed office is to fasten their little mouths upon human bodies, make little holes, and perform a pumping, pneumatic operation; but there are rivals in the field. Leeches are precarious creatures; they die, they are occasionally obstinate, they are expensive, they are often scarce, and one consequence of all this has been, that competition in trade now affects leeches in the same way as other industrial practitioners. Not only are there projects for inducing leeches to bite, but projects for inducing small pieces of mechanism to bite like leeches. Some one has discovered that leeches when drunk will bite until sober; and, therefore, when they show a disinclination to bite, he makes them drunk; he puts them into a little warm beer, and directly they begin to kick about; he takes them out, holds them in a cloth, applies them, and finds that they will bite immediately and vigorously. This is one of the very few cases we have met with, of a personage being more useful when drunk than when sober. The surgeons at the Hôtel Dieu, at Paris, are said to be a little more delicate in their practice: they intoxicate their sluggish leeches with a little warm wine and water, instead of beer.

This soft persuasion of a leech, however, does not belong to the competition of which we spoke. Such competition is exemplified in the leech-bite lancet and the mechanical leech, both of them savage and sanguinary rivals to the leech in his useful labors. The leech-bite lancet is intended for use in localities where leeches are scarce or high-priced, and in some few cases where it would be really preferable to a leech. The mechanical leech is a more pretentious and ambitious affair, since it competes with the leech and the cupper at the same time.

The fifth oddity is perhaps the oddest of all—leech barometers. Whether we shall ever live to see the day when English weather can be safely predicted, the reader is at full liberty to decide for himself. Certainly there has been but little progress made in this art hitherto. Leeches perform a portion of the duties of Zadkiel and Murphy, in addition to their usual sanguinary services. Cowper, in the Task, asserts that leeches, "in point of the earliest intelligence, are worth all the barometers in the world"—a bold assertion, which the shade of Cowper is bound to support before the British Association. A clergyman residing in France some years ago, was wont to employ a leech as a barometer. He found every morning that the leech occupied a position bearing a certain relation to the state of the weather: and, by attentive observation, he was enabled to arrive at certain rules in respect to this relation—that when the weather was about to be serene and pleasant, the leech remained at the bottom of the vessel without the least movement; that when rain was about to fall the leech mounted to the surface of the water and there remained until the return of fine weather; that on the approach of boisterous weather the leech moved in the water with unusual swiftness, and never ceased from this motion until the wind began to blow; that on the approach of thundery and rainy weather the leech remained out of the water for several days, appearing agitated and restless; that when a frost was about to commence, the leech remained quiet at the bottom of the vessel; and that during the time of snow or rain the leech fixed itself to the neck of the vessel, remaining at perfect rest. These rules are sufficiently distinct to enable any person to test their accuracy who may be disposed so to do. This theory has, however, received some awkward blows. M. Bonare, a French savant, enclosed three leeches in one vessel on a particular day. He found that so far from being barometrically sympathetic, one remained all day out of the water, steadily affixed to the vessel; another was swimming about in the water; while the third remained at the bottom of the vessel—a very disunited and inharmonious state of things. Bonuet, the celebrated Genevese naturalist, was of opinion that, whether leeches are barometers or not, they are very sensitive thermometers; for as often as he applied his finger to the outside of a bottle on the spot where a leech was affixed within, the leech moved, as if affected by the rise of temperature. But it is just possible that timidity (supposing a leech can be timid) had more to do with the matter than temperature.

This barometer question has not been left altogether in the hands of men of past days. Mr. Attree, formerly house-surgeon to the Middlesex Hospital, communicated a paper to the *Lancet*, three or four years ago, in which he stoutly maintained the prophetic virtue of the leech, and laid down the following as the rules to which his observations had led him relating thereto;—First, If the weather proved serene and beautiful, the leech lies motionless at the bottom of the glass rolled together in a spiral form. Second. If it rains either before or after noon, the leech is found to have crept up to the top of its lodging, and there it remains until the weather is settled. Third. If we are to have wind, the poor prisoner gallops through its limpid habitation with unceasing swiftness, and seldom rests until the wind begins to blow hard. Fourth. If a remarkable storm of thunder and rain is to succeed, the leech remains for some days before almost continually out of water, and manifests uncommon uneasiness by its violent throes and convulsive movements. Fifth. In frost, as in clear summer weather, the leech lies constantly at the bottom; while during snow, as in rainy weather, it pitches its dwelling on the mouth of the vessel. These rules correspond tolerably well with those recorded by the clergyman in France, and are on that account all the more worthy of notice. Mr. Attree states, that his observations were made on a leech kept in a common two-ounce phial, three-fourths filled with water, and covered with a linen rag. The water was changed once a week in summer and once a fortnight in winter. Mr. Attree throws out a curious query—as the leech may be in some way affected by the electrical state of the atmosphere; as this electrical state is known to be closely connected with meteorological changes; and as it may also be in some way connected with the production of cholera, influenza, fever, and epidemics,—is it not at least possible that the leech might, by its strange

movements, give some intimation of the approach of that state of the atmosphere during which epidemic diseases are likely to occur? Should this be so, even in a very slight degree, the leech would at once rise to an important position in society—he would be not only a surgeon, but a physician skilled in diagnosis.

But of all the persons who have placed any faith in leech-barometry, and have shown the intensity of their faith by the patient management of experiments, commend us to Dr. Merryweather. His *Tempest Prognosticator* is the proof of his faith. Imagine a circular pyramidal apparatus, about a yard in diameter, and somewhat more than this in height, presenting a bright array of polished mahogany, and silver, and brass. This is the *Tempest Prognosticator*. The illustrious Jenner, it appears, was a believer in leech-barometry; he wrote a few rhyming lines on the Signs of Rain, among which were:—

“The leech, disturbed, is newly risen  
Quite to the summit of his prison.”

Jenner, and Cowper, and other writers, suggested to Dr. Merryweather the making of apparatus to register the movements of the leech; and thus originated *The Prognosticator*. If we admit that, before stormy and thundery weather, the leech mounts to the top of his bottle, the question comes how to mark and register his movements. There are twelve leeches in twelve bottles ranged in a circle; there are small metallic tubes in the necks of the bottles; there is a kind of little mouse-trap of whalebone in the tube; and there is a bell and a register connected with the trap. The leech, in wriggling himself through the tube, unwittingly rings the bell, and makes a register of his progress. Dr. Merryweather speaks in very high terms of the certainty with which any storm is preceded by an ascensive motion of the leeches to the tops of their respective bottles.

#### MANUFACTURE OF IRISH PUBLIC SPIRIT.—

A good deal of talk upon the Catholic cause. Said, I thought their best policy would have been, after the defeat last session, to have had one great meeting, to have let their feelings explode on that occasion as violently as they pleased, and after that to maintain a sullen and formidable silence; which (for the same reason that makes the Government always apprehensive when the fellows are not drinking and breaking each other's heads at fairs) would have had ten times more effect in alarming their rulers than all the oratorical brawling in the world. Sheil said, this would not do; there was but little public spirit in Ireland; they wanted continual lashing up: the priests were the only lever by which they could raise the people, and they had now brought them fully into play.—*Moore's Diary*.

**NOCTURNAL VISITATION.**—An incident occurred while I was at Leghorn, which brought home to me a lively sense of the blessings we

enjoy in living in a land at once of liberty and law. One night at about twelve o'clock, I was awakened by the entrance of a number of men into my room. It proved to be my host, attended by three armed officers. The latter approached the bed, examined my features attentively by the light of a lamp, and remarking that I was not the person they were in search of, left me with a cool apology for the disturbance; which however, was no substitute for either sleep or patience. It seems that they went, through the whole house in the same way, and entered every apartment “without distinction of sex.” They exhibited no warrant except that which they wore by their sides; and gave no intimation of the name or condition of the person for whom they were in search.—*Six Months in Italy*.

The Emperor of the French has granted a sum of 25,000 francs from his private purse for the establishment of four markets in Paris for the sale of meat by auction and by retail.

From Chambers's Journal.

## MUSIC IN LARGE BUILDINGS.

It is not improbable that the year now commencing will witness much discussion concerning the interesting question—to what extent are large buildings adapted for sound, and for musical performances generally? The Crystal Palace at Sydenham, lately noticed in the Journal, is under the management of directors who are keenly alive to all the available or possible resources whereby grandeur of effect may be produced, in their singularly varied and unparalleled undertaking. Before noticing the subject of music in connection with this Palace of Light, we will throw together a few remarks bearing collaterally on the subject.

Musicians and architects are by no means yet agreed as to the proper size and proportions of music-rooms. Time after time we meet with controversies in the public journals on this subject, and men of science, fresh from the study of acoustics, occasionally step in and offer an opinion on the matter. It may be worth while to show how closely *echoes* are associated with this inquiry.

Sir John Herschel has collected many examples of remarkable echoes, illustrative of the influence produced on the propagation of sound by the forms of buildings. In St. Albans' Abbey-church, the tick of a watch may be heard from one end of the church to the other. In Gloucester Cathedral, a gallery of an octagonal form conveys a whisper seventy-five feet across the nave. An echo in the north side of Shipley Church, in Sussex, repeats twenty-one syllables. In the cathedral of Girgenti, in Sicily, the slightest whisper is borne, with perfect distinctness, from the great western door to the cornice behind the high altar, a distance of 250 feet—a fact which occasioned some scandal a few years ago, by rendering the secrets of the confessional audible to persons who sought to gratify their curiosity unknown to the confessor or the confessed. In the Whispering-gallery at St. Paul's, as is well known to most country visitors in London, the faintest sound is faithfully conveyed from one side to the other of the dome, but is not heard at the intermediate points. In the Manfroni Palace at Venice is a square room about 25 feet high, with a concave roof; a person standing in the centre of the room, and stamping gently with his foot on the floor, hears the sound repeated a great number of times.

Sir John proceeds to point out the necessary connection between the form of a room and the effect of music heard therein. In small buildings, the velocity of sound is such that the dimensions of the building are traversed by the reflected sound in a time too small to admit of the echo being distinguished from the principal sound. In large buildings, on the other hand, such as churches, theatres, and concert-rooms, the echo is heard after the principal sound has ceased; and if the building be so constructed as to return several echoes in very different times, the effect will be unpleasant. It is mainly for this reason that in cathedrals the service is usually read in a sustained uniform tone, rather than of singing

than speaking; the voice being thus blended in unison with its echo. "A good reader will time his syllables, if possible, so as to make one fall in with the echo of the last, which will thus be merged in the louder sound, and produce less confusion his delivery." In respect to music, the result is varied by many different circumstances. In a room of moderate size, the echo is not prolonged in any sensible degree after the original sound: it therefore only tends to reinforce it, and is highly advantageous. In churches and other large buildings, an echo can only be advantageous in the performance of slow pieces, where the echo shall have done its work before the harmony of a chord has changed; else a dissonance would arise. Sir John gives the following curious estimate, derived from the laws of sound: "When ten notes succeed one another in a second, as is often the case in modern music, the longitudinal echo of a room fifty-five feet long will precisely throw the second reverberation of each note on the principal sound of the following one, wherever the auditor be placed; which, in most cases, will produce—in so far as it is heard—only discord." There seems, in fact, to be a scientific basis for the assertion that, after making allowance for the absence of open windows, deep recesses, hangings, or carpeting—all of which interfere with reverberation—there is a certain relational fitness between the size of a music-room and the rapidity of the music played therein: if this size and this rapidity assort well, echo will strengthen and improve the music; if not, echo will have a discordant result. It is impossible to carry out this principle with any full practical effect; because not only do different tunes differ in average rapidity, but also different bars of the same tune; nevertheless, if the theory be well based, it may enable us to understand the well-admitted fact, that some music-rooms are found better fitted than others for their destined purpose. Sir John Herschel speaks of the notion sometimes entertained, that a parabolic form should be given to the walls around an orchestra, to throw out the sound in parallel lines; but he sees no wisdom in this: "The object to be aimed at in a concert-room is not to deafen a favored few, but to fill the whole chamber equally with sound, and yet allow the echo as little power to disturb the principal sound, by a lingering after-twang, as possible.

Any one who has paid attention to the discussions relating to the new Houses of Parliament, will remember how much has been said concerning the alleged unfitness for hearing, arising out of injudicious acoustic arrangements in the first instance; and musical persons will be equally familiar with the various opinions expressed concerning Exeter Hall, St. Martin's Hall, the Town-hall at Birmingham, St. George's Hall at Bradford, and other large rooms, in relation to their fitness for musical performances. But the sounding of music in the Hyde Park Palace gave a new impulse to this subject; for never before, perhaps, were musical instruments subjected to so severe an ordeal, owing to the immense size of the structure.

During the Great Exhibition of 1851, as every one knows, music was performed every day

However fine the pianos and harps may have been, they were not audible at any great distance from the instruments; and even the fine organs of Willis, Ducroquet, Hill, Gray, and Davison, and other makers, did not fill the building generally with a volume of sound. One curious example of this was, that all four organs might have been playing at once different tunes, and yet each have its own audience, very little, if at all, affected by the sound of the other instruments. The sound of each organ magnificently filled a certain small portion of the building, but could not be said to have filled the vast space generally. Herr Sommer's gigantic horn, the "Sommerphone," really threw out its sound to a greater distance than any of the organs. There can be no question that the *shape* of the building had much to do with this matter, irrespective of its size. If the 10,000 little voices which produce such a grand and thrilling effect in St. Paul's Cathedral once a year—if these were in a building of the same shape, and twice as large, we cannot safely infer what the effect would be, for there has never been an opportunity of putting such a performance to the test.

During the progress of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, it appears to have engaged the occasional attention of the directors, whether or not, and in what way, to introduce music into their wondrous structure, that the ear as well as the eye may drink in beauty. It is a question of some importance; for if done at all, it should be done effectually—nothing puny must take part in the Sydenham Palace. In order to prepare themselves for grappling with the question, they wisely determined to call in aid from other quarters. They appointed a committee of inquiry, formed of three persons well skilled in the theory of music and of sound generally. These are: the Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart., "Mus. Bac." at Oxford University; Professor Willis, of Cambridge University; and Mr. Donaldson, professor of music at the university of Edinburgh. We have been favored with a copy of the report which these gentlemen have sent in to the directors; and there are in it a few particulars and suggestions highly interesting in connection with our present subject.

The question submitted to the committee was: "To inquire into, and advise the directors of the Crystal Palace company upon the construction of an organ; the number and kinds of stops, etc. which it should contain: its position in the building; the fittest person or persons to build it; and generally, any points that may suggest themselves for the purpose of adapting it in the most perfect manner to the peculiar nature of the building, and of the objects by which it is to be surrounded." The committee commence their report by adverting to the fact, that the admirable organs in the Hyde Park building ceased to be admirable to persons far distant in the building, inasmuch as the sounds themselves became nearly inaudible. The committee report, that there is no reason to doubt the possibility of constructing an organ suitable for the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, but that such an organ must possess a much greater magnitude and completeness than any yet constructed. The largest organs

in England at present, are those in the Town Hall at Birmingham and the Minster at York. One of these buildings has an interior capacity of about 600,000 cubic feet, the other upwards of 4,000,000 cubic feet; but the transept alone of the Sydenham building—which is 340 feet long, 170 wide, and 200 high—greatly exceeds the larger of these two, irrespective of the other parts of the structure. The clerestory of a cathedral—the narrow portion above the nave-arches—greatly assists in reverberating the sound; whereas in the Crystal Palace there will be very little to prevent the diffusion of vibratory waves in every direction; and this renders all the more necessary the production of a powerful body of sound.

The proposed organ must not only be larger than any other, but it must have some new and powerful means of sonorous effect. The committee enumerate sixteen organs which have become famed for their power. Some of these organs owe their power to the number and judicious arrangement of the stops, while others owe it rather to some one particular stop, which soars above all the others in power. A "stop," we may here observe, is a technical name for a whole row of pipes, all of which have the same kind or quality of tone, although differing in pitch. There are numerous stops or sets of pipes in every large organ, and it is thus that the pipes become so very great in number; at Weingarten, the organ contains more than 6,600 pipes. The fine organs in the Paris churches are said to owe their power chiefly to the quality of those which are called the reed-stops; and it is considered to have been proved, that this reedy quality of tone permeated the Hyde-Park building better than any other. The committee recommend that especial attention should be paid to reed-stops, in any organ destined for the new Crystal Palace; they point also to the fact, that very large pipes have a wonderful effect in producing a volume of sound fitted to fill a building of large dimensions. The largest pipe yet made to any organ is thirty-two feet, producing a note two octaves below the lowest note of a violoncello; and those organs which have such pipes derive a marvellous power therefrom, irrespective of the quality of the tone produced. A very large pipe actually requires a very large building, to enable the pipe to "speak" at all.

After going carefully through the whole subject, the committee decide that it is quite within the compass of the skill of our organ-builders to produce an organ suitable for and worthy of the new Crystal Palace; but the details sketched by them have a vastness which—to use a familiar expression—almost takes one's breath away. Such an organ as they prefigure, would as far excel all other organs as the Crystal Palace will—in its own peculiar style of beauty—excel all other buildings. We will shortly run through their list of suggestions.

The organ would be placed, the committee say, at one extremity of the central transept. Its *monstre* dimensions would be 108 feet wide, 50 feet deep, and 140 feet high. The internal construction would be like that of a house, in stories, for the convenient support of the sound-boards

and pipes. The feeders of the bellows would be worked by a small steam-engine, which, together with the feeders themselves, would be disposed in an under-ground apartment beneath the organ. The space beneath the first floor of the organ would be entirely open and disengaged, being only occupied by pillars required for the support of the organ, and by the wind-trunks. The lower or supporting part of the organ would be constructed substantially of stone, iron, or brick, open on all sides with arches; and the pillars would be made hollow, so as to serve as wind-trunks. The interior mechanism of the organ would comprise all the modern improvements, with especial reference to reed-stops and large pipes, and the construction of two pipes 64 feet long each, twice the size of the largest yet made. These magnificent pipes would form part of an architectural or at least ornamental frontage to the organ. The whole of the vast instrument would be designed in a style to correspond in lightness and transparency with the general character of the building itself; for, provided the supports be firm and substantial, the organ might have a lightness and delicacy of arrangement notwithstanding its huge dimensions. The interior of the organ would be symmetrically arranged, and in such a manner as to show as many of the pipes as possible at one view; the sides and back would be constructed, in a great meas-

ure, of iron frame-work and glass, and thus spectators in the gallery will be enabled to inspect the interior mechanism while actually at work. There would, to prevent the lateral dispersion of sound, be erected screens of glass and iron-work, extending from the floor of the gallery to the roof, thus enclosing the organ to a certain degree on two sides; and it is recommended that not only should all kinds of carpeting and drapery be kept at a distance from the organ, but that plants and fountains should not be allowed to be brought nearer to it than is actually necessary for carrying out the general arrangements of the building, since moisture interferes with the vibrating state of the air near a musical instrument. Such a vast organ as the committee recommend would cost, they say, at least £25,000, and would require three years in construction.

What decision the directors may arrive at concerning this bold and daring scheme, we do not know: possibly some time will be needed before all the contingencies and consequences of such an enterprise can be duly weighed. At all events, if adopted, three years must elapse before the Sydenham Palace can be enriched with such an organ; and, in the mean time, lovers of organ-music may ponder on the vast idea, and may dream of Bach and Handel, of Mozart and Haydn, of Beethoven and Mendelssohn.

From Household Words.

#### THE STEAM-WHISTLE IN INDIA.

By way of contrast to the tale I am about to tell, let me dwell for two seconds (electric time) upon the opening of the first railway in England. Of the thousands who are daily sliding down the rails between Liverpool and Manchester, there are a few, perhaps, who, when they pass Park-side and the white tablet that marks the spot where Mr. Huskisson lost his life, think of the day when the Rocket made its trial-trip, encouraged by the cheers of thousands of spectators, among whom were the great men of the land. The Rocket set in motion not merely a few carriages, but the whole railway-system. And that was only seven-and-twenty years ago. Now, look at Bradshaw, and imagine what I felt as an old Indian just come home.

On the eighteenth of November, 'fifty-two, I saw the run of the first train, and for the first time heard the steam-whistle in India. Was there a grand inauguration, were there speeches, was there joy? Let me be reporter:—

I was on my way from the Punjab to England, and so reached Bombay. Being a poor Bengalee, with no friends or acquaintances in the land of ducks, I betook myself to the Hope Hall hotel. I had spent several years in remote districts on the north-western frontier, and more recently in the Punjab. A sandy track, really not even fit for palki-travelling and utterly impassable for carriages, was all that I had been accustomed to see in the way of road; and our track there, bad as it was in itself, used to be crossed by unbridged nullahs, or sometimes cut asunder

by broad rivers, unfordable, and equally unsaddled by a bridge. I had seen no better things on my way through Scinde. It was, therefore, with a luxurious sense of enjoyment that, when I had sent on my baggage to Hope Hall, I took reins between my fingers, and drove out of the fort in a hired buggy over the smooth macadamized road. I admired civilization. Savage life is not good for the bones. The buggy really was a tumble-down affair, dragged about by an animal that might have served as a spare horse to Don Quixote; but it was very well, and there was the fine road, and I said to myself, with a thought of lands over the sea, "Now I begin to get a foretaste of our English comfort, and of the refinement of an European capital!"

As I mused, I was dragged in my buggy to a handsome stone bridge; and, carelessly turning my head, expecting, as a matter of course, to see the usual yellow nullah, creeping along at its sluggish cold-weather pace, I was amazed. For what I saw was a dry gravel-bed, a double line of rails, trim fences—in fact, the Bombay and Calcutta railway!

Of course, I knew that there had been talk about railways for India. But Indian talks are always such abominably long talks that I have seldom paid much heed to them. I had, moreover, been much occupied by my own business, with which no hope of any railway ever was connected. People "up country" have long since become tired of asking or hearing about any such European curiosity. Calcutta merchants now alive may come to travel by cheap trains from the Ditch to Hooghly, but the Punjaubite knows that he must jog on to the end of his days in the good

old style; that is to say, in a creaking, leaking, confined crib of a palki, and at the good old pace.

But having actually seen the railroad, my up-country faith was strengthened and my interest revived. I hurried on to Hope Hall, and began to inquire of every person whom I encountered, when the line was to be opened, how far it went, and all about it. I was astonished—as I had no right to be—at the ignorance and indifference with which my inquiries were all met. Nobody knew anything about it. As it seemed, also, nobody cared. The opening, some thought, had taken place already; others believed that it was fixed for next day—or imagined it might be next month, or on new-year's day, very possibly. Either the listlessness of Anglo-Indians had not been overstated, or the Ducks had become quite as much disheartened as their neighbors at the hopelessly-slow progress made in all such matters. It appeared certain, however, that twenty-four miles of rail—from Bombay to Tannah—were really finished; and at last, by dint of much inquiry, I discovered that the informants who fixed next day for the business of opening, were in the right. At some time or other in the forenoon, the railway authorities, accompanied by a party of their friends, would make their trial-trip.

Accordingly, at ten o'clock the next morning, I took up my station on the bridge. It was quite deserted; no gathering of Europeans and natives indicated expectation of a strange event. I waited patiently, with my eyes staring abroad over the parapet, until half-past eleven; and, by that time my perseverance in looking out had collected a small crowd around me. About a hundred natives seeing a sahib wait so pertinaciously, thought that something must be in the wind, and being always glad to witness a *tomasha*, equally glad of an excuse for sitting still in placid expectation of no matter what, they wandered up and down or sat upon the bridge, talking and laughing, jesting and smoking after their own manner.

The day was fine, November being one of the most enjoyable months in the Indian year; sky cloudless; sun glaring, indeed, but not intolerable; leafy foliage; white houses; flowing-robed, brown-skinned, easy-going natives, all full of the laziness of India suggestive of the primitive East, of the land of dreams and fables.

Suddenly out spoke, in its own harsh and peppy way, the unmistakable Steam Whistle! The white gates which marked a stream crossing

a little way down the line were thrown open; and, with a shriek, and a puff, and a whiz, and a rattle, engine and train, consisting of four covered wagons, smoked under our legs. I knew the natives too well to expect that they would show any great excitement at the apparition. With a few ejaculations of "Wah! wah!" they turned slowly away, and began to disperse.

"Well, what do you think of that?" I asked of one of them—a fat, well-to-do, and evidently most conservative Burmese.

"Too quick, sir—too quick—all be killed." He had no more to say about it.

The train went on, attaining at one time a speed of forty miles an hour, screaming and frightening the birds in the flat quiet meadows, but not at all alarming or surprising Hindu men and Hindu cattle. At Tannah the occupants of the train got out and took tiffin in a tunnel. The tunnel was unfinished—the trip, therefore, ended in it, and its cave was used as a cool saloon. A few complimentary speeches having been made, all hands got on board the train again, and rolled back to Bombay. The bridge, when they went under it the second time, was quite deserted.

Thus it was that the Indian railway system crept into existence.

The fact that a train had been running to Tannah and back was casually mentioned at some mess tables in town that evening, but did not excite much more interest in the English than it had excited in the native mind. The opening of the Liverpool and Manchester railway is at home regarded as one of the greatest historical events of the present century. Perhaps a hundred years hence, this record of the way in which the first train was seen in India may be read with interest in households accustomed to hear of such lines as the direct Calais and Mooltan, or out of which some son may have gone by the express train from Boulogne to Lahore. For, hereafter, mail trains shall run nightly through the plains of the Indus, and scream in the deserts of Beloochistan; passengers shall look out of their carriage windows at the Persian Gulf as they fly by; and farmers speculate upon the corn crops while they pass through Mesopotamia. All this is inevitably to come. Although India has made the small beginning, which I stood on the bridge and saw made, there is no silencing that steam whistle or stopping the rapid advance of the giant locomotive.

From Chambers's Journal.

## MAUNDERINGS.

BY A SCOTCHMAN.

I AM far frae being clear that Nature hersel', though a kindly auld carline, has been a'thegither just to Scotland, seeing that she has sae contrived that some o' our greatest men, that ought by richts to hae been Scotchmen, were born in England and other countries, and sae hae been kenned as Englishers, or else something no quite sae guid.

There's glorious old Ben Jonson, the dramatic poet and scholar, that everybody takes for a regular Londoner, merely because he happened to be born there. Ben's father it's weel kent, was a Johnston o' Annandale in Dumfriesshire, a bauld guid family there to this day. He is alloo't to hae been a gentleman, even by the English biographers o' his son; and, dootless, sae he was, sin' he was an Annandale Johnston. He had gane up to London, about the time o' Queen Mary, and was amang them that suffered under that sour uphalder o' popery. Ben, puir chield, had

the misfortune first to see the light somewhere about Charing Cross, instead o' the bonnie leas o' Ecclefechan, where his poetic soul wad hae been on far better feedin'-grund, I reckon. But, nae doot, he cam to sit contented under the dispensations o' Providence. Howsomever, he ought to be now ranked amang Scotchmen, that's a'.

There was a still greater man in that same century, that's generally set down as a Lincolnshire-man, but ought to be looked on as next thing till a Scotchman, if no a Scotchman out and out; and that's Sir Isaac Newton. They speak o' his forbears as come frae Newton in Lancashire; but the honest man himsel's the best authority aboot his ancestry, I should think; and didna he say to his friend Gregory ae day: "Gregory, ye wana aware that I'm o' the same country wi' yoursell'—I'm a Scotchman." It wad appear that Sir Isaac had an idea in his head, that he had come somehow o' a Scotch baronet o' the name o' Newton; and nothing can be better attested than that there was a Scotchman o' that name wha became a baronet by favor o' King James the Sixt (what for aye ca' him James the First?), having served that wise-headed king as preceptor to his eldest son, Prince Henry. Sae, ye see, there having been a Scotch Newton wha was a baronet, and Sir Isaac thinking he cam o' sic a man, the thing looks unco like as if it were a fact. It's the mair likely, too, frae Sir Adam Newton having been a grand scholar and a man o' great natural ingenuity o' mind; for, as we-a' ken right weel, bright abilities gang in families. There's a chield o' my acquaintance that disna think the dates answer sae weel as they ought to do; but he ance lived a twalmouth in England, and I'm feared he's grown a wee thing prejudiced. Sae we'll say nae mair aboot him.

Then, there was Willie Cowper, the author o' the *Task*, *John Gilpin*, and many other poems. If ye were to gie implicit credence to his English biographers, ye wad believe that he cam o' an auld Sussex family. But Cowper himsel' aye insisted that he had come o' a Fife gentleman o' lang syne, that had been fain to flit southwards, having mair guid blude in his veins than siller in his purse belike, as has been the case wi' mony a guid fallow before noo. It's certain that the town o' Cupar, whilk may hae gi'en the family its name, is the head town o' that county to this day. There was ane Willie Cowper, Bishop o' Galloway in the time o' King Jamie—a real guid exerceesed Christian, although a bishop—and the poet jaloosed that this worthy man had been ane o' his relations. I dinna pretend to ken how the matter really stood; but it doesna look very likely that Cowper could hae taken up the notion o' a Scotch ancestry, if there hadna been some tradition to that effect. I'm particularly vext that our country was cheated out o' haeing Cowper for ane o' her sons, for I trow he was weel worthy o' the honor; and if Providence had willed that he should hae been born and brought up in Scotland, I haena the least doot that he wad hae been a minister, and ane, too, that wad hae pleased the folk just extrorinar.

There was a German philosopher in the last century, that made a great noise wi' a book o'

his that explored and explained a' the in-throughs and out-throughs o' the human mind. His name was Immanuel Kant; and the Kantian philosophy is weel kent as something originating wi' him. Weel, this Kant ought to hae been a Scotchman; or, rather, he *was* a Scotchman; but only, owing to some grandfather or great-grandfather having come to live in Königsberg, in Prussia, ye'll no hinder Immanuel frae being born there—whilk of coorse was a pity for a' parties except Prussia, that gets credit by the circumstance. The father o' the philosopher was an honest saddler o' the name o' Cant, his ancestor having been ane o' the Cants o' Aberdeenshire, and maybe a relation o' Andrew Cant, for anything I ken. It was the philosopher that changed the C for the K, to avoid the foreign look of the word, our letter C not belonging to the German alphabet. I'm rale sorry that Kant did not spring up in Scotland, where his metaphysical studies wad hae been on friendly grund. But I'm quite sure, an he had visited Scotland, and come to Aberdeenshire, he wad hae fund a guid number o' his relations, that wad hae been very glad to see him, and never thought the less o' him for being merely a philosopher.

Weel, we've got down a guid way noo, and the next man I find that ought by richts to hae been a scotchman is that deil's bucky o' a poet, Lord Byron. I'm no saying that Lord Byron was a'thegither a respectable character, ye see; but there can be nae manner o' doot that he wrote grand poetry, and got a great name by it. Noo, Lord Byron was born in London—I'm no denyin' what Tammy Muir says on that score—but his mother was a Scotch ledly, and she and her husband settled in Scotland after their marriage, and of coorse their son wad hae been born there in due time had it no been that the husband's debts obliged them to gang, first to France, and after that to London, where the ledly cam to hae her downlying, as has already been said. This, it plainly appears to me, was a great injustice to Scotland.

My greatest grudge o' a' is regarding that bright genius for historical composition, Thomas Babbington Macaulay, M. P., for Edinburgh. Aboot the year 1790, the minister o' the parish o' Cardross, in Dumbartonshire, was a Mr. M'Aulay, a north-country man, it's said, and a man o' uncommon abilities. It was in his parish that that other bright genius, Tobias Smollett, was born, and if a' bows had rowed richt, sae should T. B. M. But it was otherwise ordered. A son o' this minister having become preceptor to a Mr. Babbington, a young man o' fortune in England, it sae cam aboot that this youth and his preceptor's sister wha was an extrorinar bonny lass, drew up thegither, and were married. That led to ane o' the minister's sons going to England—namely, Mr. Zachary, the father o' our member; and thus it was that we were cheated out o' the honor o' having T. B. as an out-and-out Scotsman, whilk it's evident he ought to hae been, sin it's no natural to England to bring forth sic geniuses weary fa' it, that I should say sae. I'm sure I wiss that the bonny lass had been far eneeuch, afore she brought about this strange contrip o' fortune, or that she had contented hersell'

wi' an honest Greenoch gentleman that wanted her, and whae, I've, been tauld, de'ed no aboon three year syne.

Nachody that kens me will ever suppose that I'm vain either aboot mysel' or my country. I wot weel, when we consider what frail miserable creatures we are, we hae little need for being proud o' anything. Yet, somehow, I aye like to hear the name o' puir auld Scotland brought aboon board, so that it is na for things even-down disrespeetable. Some years ago, we used to hear a great deal about a light-headed jillet they ca' Lola Montes, that had become quite an important political character at the court o' the king o' Bavaria. Noo, although I believe it's a fact that Lola's father was a Scotch officer o' the army, I set nae store by her ava — I turn the back o' my hand on a sic cutties as her. Only, it is a fact that she comes o' huz — o' that there can be nae doot, be it creditable or no. Weel, ye see, there's another very distinguished ledly o' modern times, that's no to be spoken o' in the same breath wi' that Lady Lighthouse. This is the new empress o' France. A fine-looking quean she is, I'm tauld. Weel, it's quite positive aboot her, that her mother was a Kirkpatric, come o' the house o' Closeburn, in the same county that Ben Jonson's father came frae. The Kirkpatricks hae had land in Dumfriesshire since the days o' Bruce, whose friend aye o' them was, at the time when he killed the Red Cummin; but Closeburn has lang passed away frae them, and now belongs to Mr. Baird, the great iron-master o' the west o' Scotland. Howsomever, the folk thereabouts hae a queer story aboot a servant-lass that was in the house in the days o' the empress's great-grandfather like. She married a man o' the name o' Paterson, and gaed to America, and her son cam to be a great merchant, and his daughter again became Prince Jerome Bonaparte's wife; and sae it happens that a ledly come frae the parlor o' Closeburne sits on the throne o' France, while a prince come frae the kitchen o' the same place is its heir presumptive. I'm no sure that the hale o' this story is quite the thing; but I tell it as it was tauld to me.

I'm no aye that taks up my head muckle wi' public singers, playactors, composers o' music, and folk o' that kind; but yet we a' ken that some o' them attein to a great deal o' distinction, and are muckle taen out by the nobility and gentry. Weel, I'm tauld (for I ken naething aboot him mysel') that there was aye Donizetti, a great composer o' operas, no very lang sin-syne. Now, Donizetti, as we've been tauld, i' the public papers, was the son o' a Scotchman. His father was a Highlandman called Donald Izett, wha left his native Perthshire as a soldier — maist likely the Duke o' Atholl pressed him into the

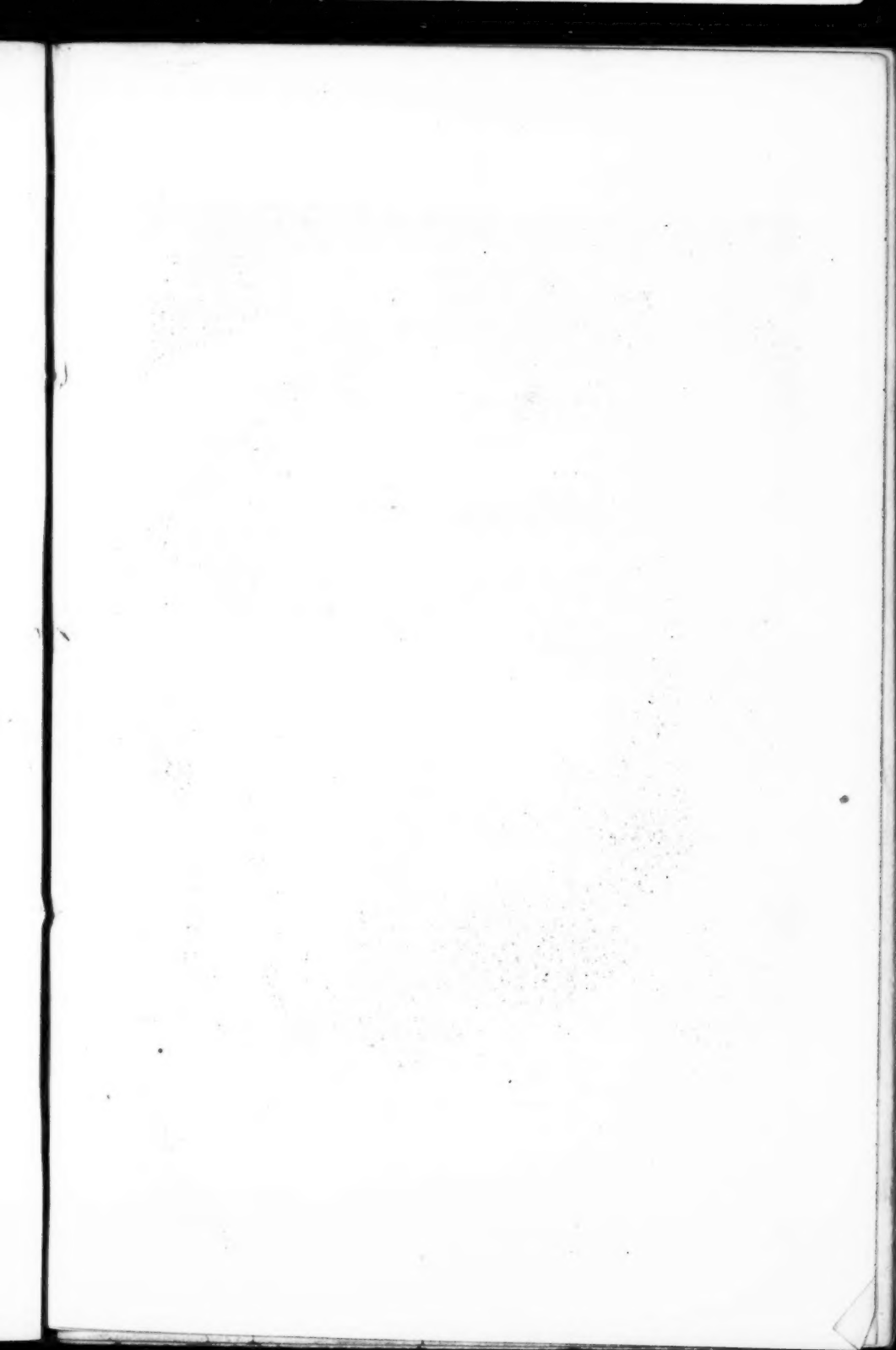
service as aye o' his volunteers — and Donald haeing quitted the army somewhere abroad, set up in some business wi' Don. Izett over his door, whilk the senseless folk thereabouts, soon transformed into Donizetti; and thus it cam aboot that his son, wha turned out a braw musician, bore this name frae first to last, and dootless left it to his posterity. I ken weel that Izett is a Perthshire name, and there was aye o' the clan some years sin' in business in the North Brig o' Edinburgh, and a rale guid honest man he was, I can tell ye, and a very sensible man too. Ye'll see his head-stane on day i' the Grayfriars. And this is guid evidence to me that Donizetti was, properly speaking, a Scotchman. It's a sair pity for himsel' that he wasna born, as he should hae been, on the braes o' Athol, for then he wad nae doot hae learned the richt music, that is played there sae finely on the fiddle — namely, reels and strathspeys; and I dinna ken but wi' proper instruction, he might hae rivalled Neil Gow himsel'.

Ye've a' heard o' Jenny Lind, the Swedish nightingale, as they foolishly ca' her, as if there ever were ony nightingales in Sweden. She's a vera fine creature, this Jenny Lind, no greedy o' siller, as sae many are, but aye willing to exerceise her gift for the guid o' the sick and the puir. She's in fact, just sic a young woman as we micht expeck Scotland to produce, if it ever produced public singers. Weel, Jenny, I'm tauld, is another o' that great band o' distinguished persons that ought to hae been born in Scotland, for it's said her great-grandfather (I'm no precesse as to the generation) was a Scotchman that gaed lang syne to spous his fortune abroad and chanced to settle in Sweden, where he had sons and daughters born to him. There's a gey ween Linds aboot Mid-Calder, honest farmer folk, to this day; sae I'm thinkin' there's no muckle room for doot as to the fact.

Noo, having shewn sic a lang list o' mischance as to the nativity o' Scotch folk o' eminence, I think ye'll alloo that we puir bodies in the north hae some occasion for complent. As we are a' in providence's hand, we canna, of coorse prevent some o' our best countrymen frae coming into the world in wrang places — sic as Sir Isaac Newton in Lincolnshire, whilk I think an uncommon pity — but what's to hinder sic persons frae being reputed and held as Scotchmen, notwithstanding? I'm sure I ken o' nae objection, except it maybe that our friends i' the south, feeling what a sma proportion o' Great Britons are Englishmen, may enterteen some jealousy on the subject. If that be the case, the sooner that the Association for Redress o' Scottish Grievances taks up the question, the better.

**PEEL CHECKING BURDETT'S TORTISM.** Burdett and myself remained with Rogers, talking politics after the rest had gone. Burdett's Conservatism deplorable. By the way, young Murray told me the other day, that Croker had lately met Burdett somewhere (for the first time) at dinner; and that he had afterwards said to Murray, "Talk of Conservatism! he beats me

hollow." As an addition to this, I have heard since that Peel was also of the party; and that after one of Burdett's extravaganzas in his new line, Peel said quietly, "This is all very well, and I of course agree with you; but it would be as well not to take quite so high a tone." Peel keeping down Burdett's Tortism is excellent! — *Moore's Diary, May, 1833.*





Engraved by J. Turner.

DEA LERTABE A. T. A. M. O. D. O. M.